Reading Soviet Intentions *Joseph Alsop*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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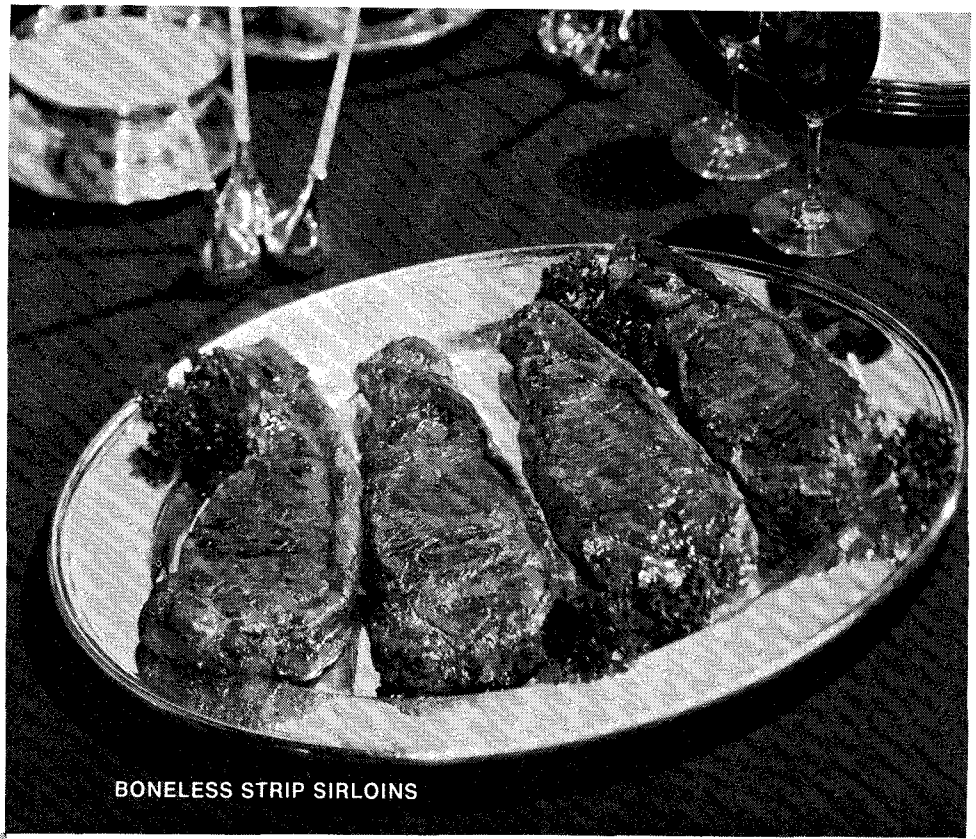

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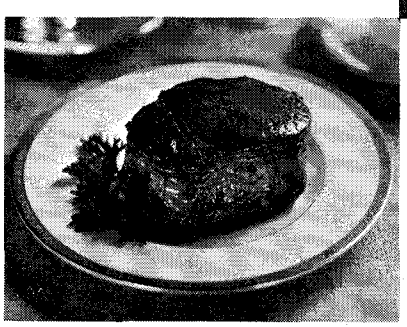

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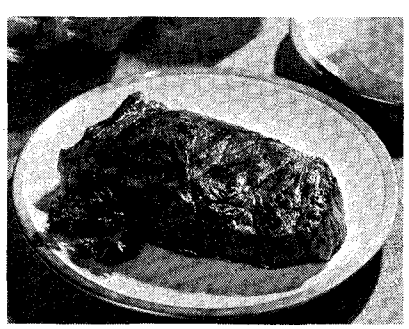

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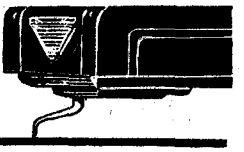

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Oyez, Oyez

Two years after the 1968 election its most important domestic consequence is about to take effect. Oyez, Oyez, Oyez, the Nine Old Men are back. They assemble Oct. 5 and start hearing arguments a week later. "God save the United States and this honorable Court!" cries the clerk. It's a prayer to consider.

Mr. Nixon campaigned on a pledge to turn the Supreme Court around, and now the tribunal is slowly moving in what appears to be one of its great philosophical arcs. The cycle is too long for all but a few veterans here to remember. Just about a third of a century ago the obstructionist Hughes Court, after trying to halt the New Deal, finally stepped aside. FDR appointed five Justices in his second term and three others – eight in all, the most of any President. Mr. Nixon has filled two vacancies; it seems possible that he will name another three. He will leave his conservative impress on the Court for years to come.

Mr. Nixon charged in 1968 that a "majority of one" frequently helped erect a "barbed wire of legalism . . . to protect a suspect from invasion of his rights." Furthermore, he gave tacit approval to a deeper attack, the code word for which was "strict construction." It was aimed at the philosophy of Earl Warren, appointed in 1953 in the single most important act of President Eisenhower. In 1954 the unanimous Warren Court handed down the desegregation decision. That's where "Impeach Earl Warren" got its start.

The essence of Mr. Nixon's Southern strategy was to identify himself with the white Southern opposition to the Warren Court. He proceeded to nominate two Southern judges, Haynsworth and Carswell, each rejected by the Senate – something that hadn't happened to a President for 75 years. Mr. Nixon brooded over his humiliation and then came angrily out of his low-keyed, impersonal stance with the extraordinary allegation that the Senate "as presently constituted" would not confirm a conservative Southerner.

At a breakfast with newsmen here recently Mr. Nixon's leader in the Senate, Hugh Scott (R, Penna.), relieved his feelings on the matter. He had voted his conscience against Haynsworth, he recalled, but went along with the President on Carswell against his better judgment. Now that the latter had flopped in his political comeback bid in Florida, Senator Scott told us that he had been suffering "from a considerable sense of guilt" – guilt for "making a damn-fool vote" for that "racist" down in Florida. Yes, he meant racist; yes, he meant Carswell; yes, he was on the rcord.

Prsident Nixon's nomination to the Supreme Court of a man called "racist" by his own Senate leader seems to many the low point of his Administration.

Now the Supreme Court is in transition from Warren landmark libertarianism to a period of judicial restraint. It may be only a reflective pause but it seems more likely to be long-lasting. The Court is following the election returns, two years late. It comes when law and order is the theme of Congress, of President, and of public; Congress in passing draconian crime bills and the President in seeking to blunt the report of the Scranton commission on campus unrest.

Issues of crucial importance on school desegregation have accumulated in the Court and will come up for argument October 12. It's a funny system! Congress should really decide matters like busing and neighborhood schools and integration for there's nothing specifically about them in the Constitution. But obviously it's easier to turn them over to the Nine Old Men and let them legislate, and then blame them for it afterward.

There are two theories about the Court's approach. It can duck issues and limit cases on a narrow and legalistic basis and that is the philosophy that Judge Burger practiced on the lower court. Or it can be activist, like the Warren Court, and make decisions when Congress and the executive balk. In long, dignified, see-saw swings the Court alternates between these rival views, between activism and restraint, between rights of the people and rights of property, between safeguarding the individual and safeguarding society. Now, with two new conservatives and probably more to come, it is swinging to the second position.

Justice Burger's approach was better known than most laymen understood and that is why Mr. Nixon picked him. He was the dissenter on the liberal Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, going about making surprisingly harsh speeches criticizing both his own and the Supreme Court, preaching law and order, and judicial restraint. For example, while on the lower court he held that it should not intervene in the case of seating Rep. Adam Clayton Powell because it involved a coordinate branch of government. The Warren Court accepted the case, however, and, by implication, slapped him down.

Handsome, hearty, silver-haired, Warren Burger, who wears a harness to correct a painful sacroiliac condition and who is personally kind and affectionate, is also emotional in his views and somehow sets opponents on edge even though they begin by half agreeing with him. In his first year as Chief Justice he offered a series of biting dissents and left the Court acerbly bickering. (Earl Warren, by contrast, had a soothing air even when he disagreed, with an intangible strength that was almost a physical force.)

Now the long vacancy on the Court is filled by Justice Blackmun, an old friend of the Chief Justice and best man at his wedding. He is a moderate conservative. It is a nine-man Court again. Even before Blackmun arrived the Court shifted to the right. Two of the liberal members increased their dissents from the year before, Brennan from one to six, Douglas from 9 to 23. Two conservative members reduced their dissents, Harlan from 16 to 3; Stewart from 13 to 6. Now, with Blackmun, the balance seems definitely tipped.

One thing the Chief Justice hasn't worked out yet; he called in two wire service reporters for a rather embarrassing "off-the-record" briefing; and he affixed at the bottom of a public speech, "Not to be reprinted without permission." Neither precedent will stick.

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The Lindsay Idea

Who thinks John Lindsay could, should be elected President in 1972? *The New York Times* asked Republican and Democratic Party officials in 42 states and learned that by and large, the Republicans wouldn't nominate him for dogcatcher, and the Democrats, most of them, like him. Where does that leave Lindsay? It leaves him as an attractive idea to be played with, despite his statement last week that he has "no plan and no inclination" to run. He is an attractive idea from many angles. He was reelected mayor of New York on his own, without the endorsement of either major party. He is one of the earliest, firmest, most forceful opponents of the American presence in Vietnam. He has experience in governing, as a legislator and an administrator. He is respected by those whose faith in "the system" is most strained: the blacks and the young. He has labored to get more done for the poor, the cities, and all our shabby public services. And you can't take an unflattering picture of him.

But he is talked about for reasons that are beyond and apart from his personal qualifications. America longs for something inspiring, something "clean" and courageous; not a Public Relations type, not a hedger. The breadth and depth of that sentiment has not been measured, but it is there. Whether and how it can be organized to elect John Lindsay President is what no one knows. First of all, he would have to be nominated by some party, so that he's on the ballot. And what party is that to be? Lindsay may now be a Republican in name only, but he has not said that he is a Democrat, despite constant pressure on him to say just that. If he does not soon choose to change his affiliation, it is beyond belief that the Democratic Party (that is to say, the convention delegates in 1972) would bypass their tried and true leaders and pick as their captain a player from the opposite team. The leaders of the Democratic Party, and that includes the most progressive among them, are the beneficiaries as well as the spokesmen of an established organization, which has honored and advanced them; one would not expect them to throw overboard their allies and constituencies, on the romantic hunch that an outsider could do far better than an insider. To put it more plainly, one cannot imagine Senator Muskie or Senator McGovern or any other possible Democratic candidate deferring to a Lindsay draft.

Well, then, what of a third party (or a fourth party)? That table,

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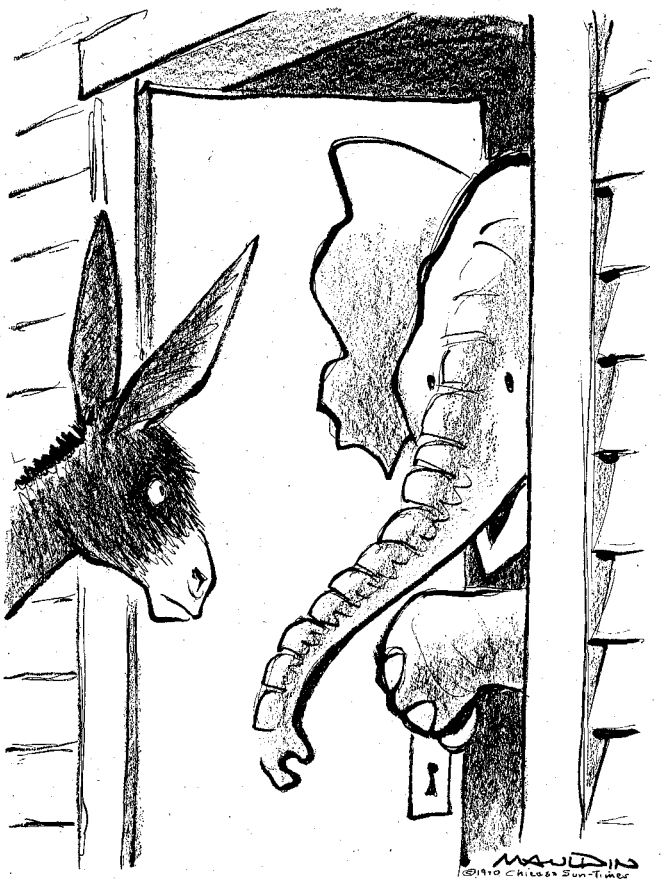
too, is being laid, with Lindsay as its centerpiece. There are rich men willing to pay the bill. They find the Democratic Party bankrupt (which it nearly is, financially); they say the Democrats now have only a tenuous hold on organized labor and minority groups, is sunk in the South, that it has lost the peaceminded, many of the city folk, not to mention the students and intellectuals. Only a new political form can revive the hopes of the apathetic or disenchanted; only a new party can come to grips with the changes that have taken place since the days of Franklin Roosevelt. They point out that more and more voters think of themselves as independents, and that those who still nominally register as Republicans or Democrats are quite willing to cross party lines and vote for "the man" or "the issue." They are convinced that neither of the present two major parties has the unity of will, the moral energy, to set about cleaning up the environment, keeping jobs up and prices down, rehabilitating our worn-out transportation system or the social services in general, or giving blacks what they want today: power – not just equal rights under the law.

So much of this is true that one is tempted to believe it is all true. And yet we remain convinced that the third party idea, to which a Lindsay candidacy is often attached, is a will-o'-the-wisp. If the only short-term result of a liberal third force is enough defections from the Democratic Party to guarantee four more years of Nixon-Agnew, it is self-defeating. If it is engineered as a longer range project, having in mind the nomination of a John C. Fremont in '72 who would lose, but prepare the way for a new-party Lincoln to be elected in 1976, it would not appeal to many working politicians. For the aim of politicians and parties is to win this time, not sometime. Plans laid on the basis of far-off expectations are likely to founder.



"Mayor Lindsay says if he needs you he knows where to find you."

Moreover, with or without a John Lindsay, the third party idea is predicated on a flimsy assumption: that the Democratic Party in 1972 will be the Democratic Party of 1968. It will not be, because first of all, it will be competing against a Republican Administration bent on capturing the Know-Nothing vote; it will not be running to vindicate Mr. Nixon's predecessor in the White House. The Democratic Party of 1972 will not, we believe, waffle on Vietnam. (Read the roster of the Democratic senators who voted for the McGovern-Hatfield resolution; all the Presidential candidates are there; even Hubert Humphrey sent word of his approval.) It will not, moreover, solicit the support of the white supremacists in the South. In that region, party realignment has been taking place faster than the eye can follow; we expect the bigots will flock in greater numbers to the Republican Party between now and November, '72, that the Democratic Party will rebuild itself on an altogether different base in the South, and that it will stand for racial equality. That change would be symbolized this coming election by the defeat of the incumbent Democratic senator from Florida, Spessard Holland – a man cast in the Nixon-Agnew mold – by an equally narrow conservative who is running as a Republican, Rep. William Cramer. The Democratic Party may be hard up for cash; but it's not without liberal leaders; for one Javits there are a half dozen like Harold Hughes; it contains within it the elements of its own renewal.

Both parties are coalitions; neither is regional; they are not even class parties. And the country is more secure because they're not. A third or fourth party, furthermore, would itself, if it is to get anywhere, become a coalition party and evolve the same kind of "machine" detached observers often find so distasteful. The Democratic coalition, as it is shaping up, offers not only the best, but the only hope for progressive, national leadership. That is where a John Lindsay belongs. That is where he can be helpful. If Lindsay's supporters have in mind the Presidency, they will have to persuade him to campaign for Democrats, beginning with Arthur Goldberg, and not just in New York or before congressional committees, but all over the country right up to and through the primaries of '72. If the Lindsay idea were to get anywhere, John Lindsay would have to rise above his reluctance. He would have to switch and fight.

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Aid To Israel

Peace in the Middle East is far off and will be until the Arab nations are ready to tolerate the existence of Israel and on the basis of that recognition to negotiate a settlement on boundaries and refugees. But a pause in the fratricidal fighting in Jordan, while the Arabs picked up their dead and wounded, renewed hope that prudence may yet prevail. As of this writing, guerrilla forces which set out to take command of Jordan have not succeeded. The prompt decision by Mr. Nixon to beef up US naval and air forces in the Mediterranean, the alerting of US airborne troops, and the announced Presidential visit to the Fleet, along with reported promises of additional military aid for the Israelis, doubtless helped convince the Russians (and thus the Syrians) that Washington would not sit with folded hands while Soviet-armed forces made war.

The Middle East nevertheless remains highly volatile. The guerrillas who seem momentarily subdued, are not a ragtag band of adventurers, but an intelligent, disciplined and equipped army. They have not been banished from Jordan; in his peace offer to them, King Hussein did not demand that they disband, but that they withdraw to bases in Jordan along the cease-fire line with Israel. If they are confined there, and if the leaders of the Arab states resist the temptation to join them in a renewed assault, the world will breathe more easily. But if Nasser and his allies are only marking time, regrouping, exploiting a temporary cease-fire in order to further strengthen their capability of knocking out Israel, the alarms will again ring and the fire trucks race to their stations.

The central concern of the US is not whether Hussein rules in Jordan, or the way in which any Arab nation chooses to be governed, but the maintenance of peace between the Middle Eastern states, however embittered their relations. The US cannot avoid being involved; it has a stake in the survival of Israel, of course, since that nation's right to life has been repeatedly guaranteed by our government and by the United Nations. But the US has a larger, long-standing interest in this whole vast region, which looks across to South Europe and sits athwart Asia and Africa.

The Middle East, one needs reminding, is not Vietnam. The Vietcong threat to our national security, or to peaceful coexistence among Asian nations has always been minimal. And the cost of US intervention in the Indochina civil war has, in every sense, outrun any possible gains. To those who believe that a policy of hands-off in Vietnam and hands-on in the Middle East is inconsistent, the answer is: the stakes are not the same, the character of the conflict is not the same. The Israelis can be counted on to remain alert and to resist any Arab attempt at another "final solution." But if that necessity is not to be put upon them, the United States in its own interests will send Israel what it needs to defend itself, and continue applying every bit of diplomatic and economic leverage it has to convince the Russians and the more prudent Arabs that it is in their interest to isolate, to thwart the proponents of Israel's liquidation. To assert that a great nation should refrain from using its power somewhere, does not mean that it should not use its power anywhere.

Vietcong Proposal

The war in Indochina recedes to the back pages of the newspapers, where the President would like to keep it, but from August 1 to September 19, 462 Americans were killed and 3311 wounded, raising US casualties to 43,674 dead and 288,794 wounded. The air strikes against Laos and Cambodia continue, so does the fire-bombing and shelling of villages, and the end is nowhere in sight. Token US troop withdrawals, propaganda about "Vietnamization," the reiteration that the US is ready to discuss any and all possible terms for a settlement if only the adversary were sincere have to be taken as little more than a pacification program for the American electorate.

It was the same old story when US spokesmen in Paris and Washington responded to the new Vietcong peace proposal of September 17 by saying that it offered nothing new. Nor did it – except another opportunity for a positive reply. Once more, the Vietcong and Hanoi insisted that a pledge of total US withdrawal from Vietnam is a precondition for peace. But on September 17, they made that more explicit, suggesting a withdrawal deadline of June 30, 1971. All other questions, such as the character of a provisional government in Saigon (and it could include all present members with the exception of the three top men), the freeing of prisoners of war, assurances of a safe exit for US troops – are contingent upon an American pledge to get out. And they always were.

If unconditional surrender is in fact the objective of the Administration, then it has no alternative but to respond to this or any other likely initiative by vowing it will not "scuttle and run." It will accuse the adversary, again, of cruelly exploiting hopes for a return of prisoners of war. If, on the other hand, the Administration is genuinely determined to negotiate an end to this tragedy, it could, and it should, present a counter-proposal. If it does not like June 30, 1971, let it offer a date it finds more tolerable. The White House has opposed any imposition of a disengagement timetable by the Congress. Then let it submit one of its own, thus opening the way to transforming the Paris talks from a charade into genuine collective bargaining.

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Unquiet Schools

National media have the South quiet this year, as more schools than ever desegregate. The South has it differently.

School districts in Little Rock, Mobile, Jasper and Pickens Counties, South Carolina; Sparta in Hancock County, Georgia; Jackson, Mississippi; Idabel, Oklahoma and Houston, Texas, to name a few, have sizable racial disputes on their hands. As for "quiet," segregation disputes in Earle, North Little Rock, Camden and Blytheville, Arkansas; Shelbyville, Texas and Bogalusa, Louisiana have sparked violence that has included arson, beatings, violently suppressed demonstrations, shootings, and one death.

Much of the trouble is occurring in rural areas, and this may partially explain why the story is not getting out. When police attacked Black Panther headquarters in New Orleans (none dead, 14 arrested), there were national headlines. When white deputies and civilians shot at black demonstrators in Blytheville, Arkansas (one dead, 58 arrested), the incident rated a minor squib in the *Arkansas Democrat*.

Gangs of white teenagers attacked blacks as Bogalusa schools integrated for the first time. Blacks say police did not intervene until mass brawls erupted. Police fired tear gas, and before it was over, four policemen were injured and a number of students were hospitalized. Many others were bloodied. Bogalusa schools are now closed.

Just after the beginning of classes, organized blacks in Earle, Arkansas, filed suit in US District Court at Little Rock, charging Earle officials with discriminating against blacks and with violating their civil rights. The blacks also marched in protest. At the City Hall, they were met by an armed crowd of whites who opened fire. No blacks were shot, but several were beaten, including Mrs. Jackie Greer, the black candidate for Mayor of Earle. No whites were arrested, but police jailed about 30 blacks. The Rev. Ezra Greer, Mrs. Greer's husband, was taken out of a hospital emergency ward and jailed for inciting to riot.

The grievances of Earle blacks reflect the shifting center of school disputes in the South. Many Southern school districts have been forced to accept the principal of desegregation, and as the national media are stressing, few have met this with overt noncompliance. As these districts "desegregate," however, a number of things are happening, which either serve to evade desegregation or make it intolerable for blacks.

One of the more popular evasion techniques is "ability grouping." "Ability tests," which laid the groundwork for segregation this year, were given last year. In Haynesville, Louisiana, a white teacher (a native of the town) told me teachers of white students in her district got the test a month ahead of testing time and coached their students that entire month. Teachers of black students got the test the same day it was to be given. A self-appointed group of segregationist parents then graded the tests.

In Houston, several districts put their Mexican students in school with their black students and called this integration, leaving white schools largely all white. This has led the Mexican-American community to sue for recognition as a minority. (No federal court has as yet recognized Mexican-Americans as a minority.) Houston whites, who have been using them to evade integration, insist that Mexicans are white.

In many of the troubled areas, blacks complain that black teachers and coaches are being dismissed, and that black schools, with strong allegiances, traditions, and community identification, are being closed down so that whites won't have to go to them. This has sparked vast (and largely unanticipated) resentment among Southern black youth, probably because it effects all blacks students and not just those actively concerned with civil rights.

There are numerous complaints of blacks being "integrated" into all black classes in white schools. Occasionally, these classes are in makeshift buildings behind the school or in the basement. The Southern Regional Council in Atlanta has received numerous reports of teachers calling black children "nigger."

Increased Southern black militance is a strong factor in the violence that has been breaking out. The mood of many Southern whites seems indeed to be more peaceful, in that they appear willing to accept (reluctantly) a measure of desegregation . . . that is, desegregation with all the qualities blacks are finding so intolerable. Blacks march in protest, and whites, their magnanimity insulted, either turn out with shotguns, or boycott, or egg on "tough sheriffs."

But even this is not the end of it. Surprising numbers of blacks now seem prepared to respond in kind. In two north Louisiana parishes, blacks speak of reviving the Deacons for Defense. Sheriff's deputies and state police in several towns are jailing blacks for charges ranging from arson to aggravated criminal damage to property and attempted murder. White houses (including the house of a state policeman) have been shot into, whites have been ambushed and white barns have been burned.

Pollution Solution

There've been a number of suggestions on how to eliminate pollution by autos, the most mischievous being Senator Gaylord Nelson's tongue-in-cheek proposal to outlaw the contaminating internal combustion

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engine as of 1975 and impose a moratorium on automotive styling changes, thus freeing industry money (about $1.5 billion a year) for development of a new power source for cars. William V. Luneberg, the president of American Motors, was not amused; he was "astonished"; he "could only conclude that this senator has little or no knowledge of the facts of automobile design and manufacturing. . . ." And Henry Ford II denounced such "irresponsible demands and uninformed criticisms."

As a serious matter, Nelson supported the Senate bill passed last week (by a vote of 73-0) which would move up to 1975 mandatory standards proposed for 1980 by the National Air Pollution Control Administration. It would set maximum emissions of the three major auto pollutants at 4.7 grams of carbon monoxide per mile; .25 grams of hydrocarbons and .4 grams of oxides of nitrogen.

The uncontrolled internal combustion engine of the average car five years ago emitted 73.0 grams of carbon monoxide, 11.2 grams of hydrocarbons and 4.0 grams of oxides. Today's cars have cut emissions of hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide to 4.6 and 47.0 grams respectively. Oxide emission levels are higher than ever. The auto industry has a long way to go to satisfy the requirements contemplated for five years hence.

Is the industry capable of making the desired improvements in time? According to Edward N. Cole, the president of GM, "General Motors does not at this time know how to get production standards down to the emission levels" proposed.

Detroit might meet the deadline by shifting to steam cars, cars powered by electric batteries or some other power source, for which there are now working prototype models. But all of these, it is said, have serious drawbacks, appreciated most perhaps by the oil industry. Wedded as it is to the ICE, Detroit is not likely to try anything "hairbrained." The pollution control of the future is expected to come from modifications of the existing internal combustion engine.

But what Goliath says it can't do quickly has already been done by several Davids – students at Wayne State University in Detroit, who coincidentally have day jobs at Ford. They entered a new Ford Capri in the 1970 Clean Air Car Race this summer, equipped with two platinum catalytic mufflers for control of hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide, and two additional catalytic mufflers for control of nitrogen oxides. The car was equipped with an exhaust gas recirculation system, electric fuel pump, insulated fuel lines and a temperature-sensing carburetor. Using lead-free gasoline exclusively, four Wayne students drove their car 3600 miles from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to Cal Tech.

A requirement of the race was that the contenders be able to maintain turnpike speeds. To win, a car had to perform well, be practical, relatively low in cost, capable of mass production, and low in pollutant emissions.

Senator Nelson took particular delight in the Wayne students' victory. Emission of pollutants from their car were well below the standards the Senate would require in effect nationally by 1975. Hydrocarbon emissions were down to .19 grams per mile (the projected federal standard calls for a maximum .25 grams). Carbon monoxide was down to 1.48 grams (the federal standard is 4.7). Oxides of nitrogen were reduced to .29 grams (the proposed standard calls for 0.4).

Impossible, Mr. Ford? Astonishing, Mr. Luneberg?

Senator Nelson is as hard on his industry critics as they are on him: "The entire automotive industry was engaged in an illegal conspiracy from 1953 to 1968 to delay the development and installation of air pollution control equipment on motor vehicles. . . . The public is justified in having grave doubts about the sincerity of the automotive industry in its ever taking significant action in dealing with the emissions from the internal combustion engine, which account for some 60 percent of the nation's air pollution problem and up to 90 percent in some metropolitan areas."

Always With Us

The President is a fickle constitutionalist. Last week, in requesting $14.1 million in supplemental funds to hire 1000 more FBI agents who would be authorized to investigate campus arson and bombings, and to thwart plane hijacking, he chose to favor an unnecessary extension of federal authority. The Congress will grant his request, because it will approve almost anything offered in the name of law and order; and nobody will wave that old banner of state's rights.

It's a bad season for sense. The President didn't even wait to read the just completed Scranton Commission's report on campus unrest. Nor did he take the time to consult those "responsible university and college administrators, faculty and students" in whom Mr. Nixon on September 16 placed his trust as the custodians of higher education.

J. Edgar Hoover and the President presumably believes that the FBI needs another 1000 agents. Perhaps it does. But to tie that increase to new authorization permitting the FBI to move in on campus disruption is cynical – and pointless. The FBI does it now. Currently it is investigating the Wisconsin bombing. Robert Taylor, a University vice president, said last week that, "They just moved in, and do move in whenever they think it appropriate. People think the police don't come on campus unless they're invited. But there's no fence around the campus. They are always here."

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Which Economists Have Flunked Out?

Melville J. Ulmer's article in the September 19 issue ("Why Economists Flunk Out") should not be taken too seriously, as it is mostly an effort to be funny – not illuminating. The wit is inferior to that of Shaw (who wrote a great deal about economics), and even to that of Galbraith. But the humor in this instance is not worth the confusion it generates.

First of all, it is preposterous to evaluate the performance of eight successive Chairmen of the Council of Economic Advisers by devoting one short paragraph to each, using figures in a distorted way, omitting some of the most important criteria, and not allowing for what each Chairman inherited or for events beyond his control during his tenure.

To illustrate, it is grievously unjust to attribute to Chairman Nourse any share of the responsibility for the post-World War II inflation during his tenure, which occurred because of inadequate taxation during the war (which caused excessive purchasing power thereafter), and because of premature abandonment of direct controls. Certainly, after this premature abandonment, and viewing the legislative and Executive history in connection therewith, Dr. Nourse could not have been expected to crusade for reimposition of direct controls. (President Truman did ask for this, on a standby basis, in 1948, but this was a legitimate part of his campaign against the 80th Congress, and not accompanied by expectancy of legislative action.)

Second, Dr. Ulmer imposes only two tests of the efficacy of the respective CEA Chairmen: the amount of unemployment, and the degree of inflation. He does not even mention the real rate of economic growth, which in many ways is the most important criterion of all, because it is the primary source of rising living standards and the ability of the nation to "afford" what it most needs to do. Further, if one grants that CEA Chairmen should be guided by the mandate of the Employment Act of 1946, the call is for maximum employment, *production* (italics added), and purchasing power. Maximum production comports approximately with optimum real economic growth, and the Act did not even mention price stability as an objective, for sound reasons which I discuss below.

The real average annual growth rates of the economy during the periods which Dr. Ulmer selects (using the most relevant quarter-years because monthly GNP figures are unavailable) were as follows: Keyserling, 7.8 percent; Heller, 5.4 percent; Ackley, 5.2 percent; Okun, 4.6 percent; Burns, 2.4 percent; Nourse, 2.0 percent; Saulnier, 1.6 percent; and McCracken, 0.3 percent.

Third, maximum production and purchasing power, while eminently desirable, must be accompanied by the "value" judgment: production of what and for whom, and purchasing power to whom and for what? Dr. Ulmer does not even suggest this vital criterion. Even to intimate that these "value" judgments are not of top priority in national economic policy is ridiculous; it also ignores the record of the great economists from Smith to Keynes or Myrdal.

Fourth, the criterion of the degree of price inflation as a primary test of performance is insupportable. Real economic growth, employment, and distributive justice are incomparably more important than price trends *per se*. Indeed, price trends are significant only in terms of their impact upon growth, employment, and distributive justice (including not only private incomes, but also the great priorities of our public needs). For example: If the extraordinary inflation of the past few years had been occasioned by programs assuring optimum economic growth, full employment, great improvements in the distribution of income, tax and monetary justice, and the more adequate servicing of the great priorities of our domestic public needs, such inflation would have been more than worth the cost. But when, in fact, this inflation has been accompanied and even augmented by economic stagnation and recession, the use of fiscal and monetary tools to redistribute income upward, and egregious neglect of our public needs, such inflation is wicked and intolerable.

Fifth, not only does Dr. Ulmer fail to recognize the appropriate basis for evaluation of inflationary trends, he fails also to recognize that, contrary to the conventional wisdom which is still doing so much damage (to the effect that reduced growth and rising unemployment restrain inflation), the past few years have evidenced accelerating inflation accompanied by economic deterioration on all fronts. This connection (rather than the reverse) has become the natural connection in the US economy. The empirical evidence for this, running from 1953 forward, has by now become overwhelming.

Sixth, Dr. Ulmer's portrayal of the respective amounts of inflation during the various periods he selects is extremely unfair – unfair not only because it neglects (as I have shown in the case of Dr. Nourse) factors beyond the control of CEA, but also because the averages as used by Dr. Ulmer are far less indicative of CEA performance than the use of trends. A much fairer measurement – though by no means perfect – would be to look at the rate of price inflation during the last year of the respective tenures of CEA Chairmen, for a Chairman is far more responsible for what is happening during his last year of tenure than during his first year. On this last-year basis, the respective amounts of price inflation were as follows: Nourse, minus 2.1 percent; Keyserling, 0.7 percent; Heller, 1.2 percent; Saulnier, 1.6 percent; Burns, 2.9 percent; Ackley, 3.7 percent; Okun, 4.6 percent; and

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McCracken, 5.9 percent. That the 0.7 percent under Keyserling was during a period of very high economic growth and close to full employment, while the 5.9 percent under McCracken was during a period of economic recession and very high unemployment, is just one more illustration of the fallacy of the whole proposition that stunting the economy improves the price record.

Seventh, Dr. Ulmer's averaging of unemployment rates during the various periods, without taking adequate account of the trends, is grossly misleading. Comparing the unemployment rates in the first and the last months of each tenure as selected by Dr. Ulmer, the records on the unemployment rate were as follows: Keyserling, down from 6.4 percent to 2.9 percent; Heller, down from 6.6 percent to 4.8 percent; Ackley, down from 4.8 percent to 3.7 percent; Okun, down from 3.7 percent to 3.3 percent; McCracken, up from 3.3 percent to 4.7 percent; Saulnier, up from 4.2 percent to 6.6 percent; Burns, up from 2.6 percent to 4.2 percent; and Nourse, up from 3.4 percent to 6.4 percent. (I have listed these in the order of the percentage decreases, and then increases, in unemployment.)

The weird result obtained by Dr. Ulmer's procedure is that he gives the highest ranking to Burns (an A, no less), whose tenure registered an abysmally low average annual rate of real economic growth of only 2.4 percent (compared with 7.8 percent during Keyserling's tenure), and brought unemployment up from 2.6 percent to 4.2 percent, or a 58 percent increase (compared with a reduction from 6.4 percent to 2.9 percent, or a 55 percent decrease, during Keyserling's tenure). Dr. Ulmer arrives at his encomium for Burns, simply because the average annual increase in prices was very low during his tenure! (and this, even though the price increase during the last year of the Burns tenure was 2.9 percent, while it was only 0.7 percent during the last year of the Keyserling tenure.) Further, Burns, who served from March 1953 to December 1956, deserves more "credit" than his successor, Saulnier, for the 1957-1958 recession, by far the worst since World War II.

I do not claim that my method of analysis has no vulnerabilities; any short treatment must omit some qualifications and explanatory factors. Also, the choice of end-periods affects the results. But, my analysis, I submit, is infinitely more accurate and responsible, in addition to presenting a far more meaningful set of criteria to be applied to the evaluation of economic performance. To use his own words, it is Dr. Ulmer who has "flunked out."

Leon H. Keyserling

Mr. Keyserling *is an economic consultant and attorney in Washington, D. C., president of the Conference on Economic Development and was chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers in the Truman Administration.*

Hoff's Campaign

Vermont Democrats

Burlington, Vt.

A short time ago, ex-Mayor John Burns of Burlington, a Democrat, confessed to making two bad mistakes in his political career. Not bad for a man who had 10 years as mayor, 10 as alderman and 16 as postmaster. His two mistakes, as he sees it, were voting for Phil Hoff for governor in 1962 when the young attorney (Hoff was then 38) broke a 108-year Republican hold on the governor's chair and repeating that vote again in 1964. He wasn't aboard the Hoff bandwagon in 1966, when Vermont voters gave the governor an unprecedented third term by a comfortable margin. "Hoff has broken up the Democratic party. He has ruined the party," Burns says.

No doubt he has broken up the party of ex-Mayor Burns. It was a party which placed severe limitations on itself. Confined largely to a trio of counties in northwest Vermont where Irish and French-Catholic voters predominate, it was ruled by war lords who elected a few local officials and, even more satisfying, distributed the largesse Democrats elsewhere earned in Presidential campaigns. Outside the narrow confines of ex-Mayor Burns' baliwick, a Democrat in Vermont was a social pariah for a century. Few outlying villages even had a chairman, let alone a town committee.

Phil Hoff and the people around him changed all that, and although he is in trouble in some of the state's traditional Democratic strongholds, Hoff is running well enough in those places where his party's candidates were once outcasts to hold a slim edge over Sen. Winston L. Prouty, the GOP incumbent, going into the final six weeks of the campaign.

What's really bothering ex-Mayor Burns and a handful of old guard Democrats in Burlington and a few surrounding communities? You can get a lot of answers if you spend a few days in Vermont.

Some say it's raw racism. Racism? In Vermont? During Hoff's last term as governor, the Kerner Commission report came out with its dire warning that we're headed for a polarized society. Hoff felt he must do something. So he and Mayor John Lindsay worked out the New York-Vermont summer project which, for two years, brought together 600 children from the black ghettoes and white, Vermont homes for an experiment in interracial living. Many predicted the worst. But the children from the ghetto didn't stay to take anyone's jobs, didn't rape any white girls, didn't throw rocks through any windows. In short, there were no bad incidents.

A few conservative politicians, some in Hoff's own party, have tried to turn racist reactions to their own advantage but have been slapped down, first by the

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moderate Republican press and then by the voters in the recent primary.

Others say Hoff's role in the 1968 Presidential campaign outraged the patronage clique in the Democratic party. He came out for Robert Kennedy very early and, failing to get any kind of commitment from Vice President Humphrey on the war issue, later went to work for Sen. McCarthy. Hoff and Gov. Harold Hughes of Iowa split 47 of the 50 delegations at Chicago and worked them diligently for McCarthy. Hoff also played a key role in helping to write the minority peace plank at Chicago. To a professional pol keenly interested in who's going to be the next postmaster in Burlington, that kind of behavior is utter nonsense.

The plain fact is that the old guard in Hoff's own party weren't ready for the sixties and haven't any idea of what the seventies is all about. So they may *have* to be left behind.

Will it cost Hoff the election? That's problematic. In the primary, a candidate with the old guard's backing was able to hold Hoff to 51 percent in Chittenden County (Burlington), the state's biggest and most Democratic county. Elsewhere, he ran better. Clearly, he must try to reach the people in a couple of key wards on a person-to-person basis. Luckily, the county chairman in Burlington is not only loyal to Hoff but lives and works in the most troublesome ward. On a recent Saturday afternoon, he and his wife went door-to-door with the Hoffs to introduce them to neighbors.

This contrasts sharply with Orange County. It's rural and one of the two most Republican counties in the state. I spent a day touring the county with Hoff, going from drug store to town fair to shopping center to factory. It's the kind of experience that shatters all the stereotypes one has of the uncommunicative New Englander who shares little of himself.

Hoff's forte is person-to-person campaigning. Handsome and outgoing, he meets his fellow Vermonters well and they like it. All day, there were smiles. His arrival excited local workers who find they can organize for Democrats in the smallest villages. "It's now respectable to be a Democrat anywhere in Vermont," we kept hearing. For example, Hoff and his running mates were not only allowed in a small factory in Orange County for the first time, but after Hoff met the workers the manager steered him by the arm to his own office for a chat. People in Vermont credit Hoff with bringing government to the people during his six years in the state house.

The polls show the average voter is responding. A few months ago, Hoff was lagging behind in the samplings. Now, after covering every corner of the state, a highly respected poll gives him a 51-49 edge.

If he succeeds, it is fair to say he will have succeeded in forcing a realistic realignment in Vermont. The young people are with him, as much because of his vibrant record as a governor as because of his 1968 commitments. Organized labor (the AFL-CIO has 12,000 members in the state) is pretty solidly in his corner despite early grumblings from some trade unionists. He is attracting large numbers of liberal Republicans, particularly in southern Vermont and outlying small towns. One reason for this is the grip conservatives have over the GOP at a grass roots level, shutting out a younger generation of young, liberal Republicans.

There's also a population trend working in his favor. Henry Murray, COPE's perceptive regional director in New England, notes that right-wingers are moving to the sun-bathed condominiums of Florida, which a friend of mine once described as being "like the African veldt where the old elephants go to die." But left-wingers are trekking back to nature, buying up farms all over southern Vermont and, in many cases voting.

Nor do Vermonters, once noted for their insular outlook, feel as isolated or suffer from the small-town inferiority complex in a day when many are questioning urban living.

Sen. Prouty has yet to rise to the challenge. What was officially diagnosed as bronchitis kept him out of the state for 10 days in mid-September, but even before that the editors of William Loeb's Vermont Press were questioning what they called his "personal priorities." By this, they meant his decision to stay in Washington instead of hitting the campaign trail. Prouty's reluctance is understandable. Republicans are on the defensive. Republican Gov. Deane Davis, who succeeded Hoff, is under fire for putting in a three percent sales tax, and the same poll which showed Hoff nosing out Prouty gave State Sen. Leo O'Brien of South Burlington a 55-45 lead over Gov. Davis. Davis' performance contrasts sharply with Hoff's. Instead of bringing in ghetto children for some clean air, he brought in Pinkertons to search for cheats among welfare recipients. His conservative government is costing more but, judging from the frequent criticisms of the governor voiced in Orange County, voters are convinced they're not getting as much service for more money. So Prouty, like Sen. Ralph Smith (R, Ill.), can't rely on a popular GOP state administration. Just the opposite.

Nor is the national stance of Prouty's party a help to him. "Very definitely not," a Prouty aide shot back when I asked if they were bringing in Vice President Agnew. He refused to elaborate. They are bringing in Al Capp, whose last triumph was with the ladies of the DAR. Prouty is in trouble with some members of his own party for his support of defense spending, including the ABM. One country editor Hoff talked to was clearly disturbed about this, despite long-time Yankee GOP leanings.

The GOP vote base is also shrinking in Vermont. Some 20 years ago, there were 12,000 farmers, Republicans almost to a man. Now there are 4000 and the National Farmers Organization (NFO), which has an

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outlook somewhat removed from traditional Republicanism, is making inroads with them. In addition, Vermont's rural residents don't vote as heavily in off-year elections, in contrast with the city folks. Up there, they say it takes a Presidential contest to bring them down out of the hills. Small industry has also diluted the GOP vote base in small towns, and today's economic conditions are causing a lot of these workers to question the GOP anew.

Sen. George Aiken (R) is the most popular figure the GOP has here, but his concern is centered on Rep. Robert Stafford (R), a moderately liberal congressman local observers say Sen. Aiken has tapped as his successor. Stafford is a clear favorite over Enosburg Falls publisher Bernard O'Shea, an antiwar activist who is having a difficult time defining the differences between himself and Stafford in a way which will interest voters. So, since he has never been close to Prouty, Sen. Aiken may not get excited this year.

That leaves Prouty to his own devices. He is attacking Hoff for having the largest and most efficient political organization in the history of Vermont. This is true. He's also blasting Hoff for out-of-state financing, a tricky sort of thing since people understand that senatorial candidates, including incumbents, get money from all over the country. Anyway, Hoff still needs a lot more money. It will be difficult to indict him because of the students, since almost without exception the young people coming in to campaign are really coming home and are often staying with their families. Besides, the support for Hoff among Vermont boys and girls on the University of Vermont campus in Burlington where his record as governor is well known is more apparent than among out-of-state students at Bennington and Middlebury.

Prouty can't match Hoff in hand-to-hand combat; he is withdrawn, sparing when it comes to giving of himself, not outgoing. His campaign will probably be limited to a party banquet circuit and a heavy TV budget. Prouty's record tends toward moderation, but the only liberal that will keep in line may be Lt. Gov. Tom Hayes, who was walloped in the GOP gubernatorial primary. Since then, Hayes has said he sees no future as a liberal in the GOP, but he went to great pains to point out he worked for Prouty for years; in short, he won't publicly bite the hand that fed him.

Dissident Democrats, on the left and the right, may be Prouty's only hope. Not only is the old patronage crowd unhappy but a leftish group has organized the Liberty Union party and is running a spoiler ticket which includes several candidates who lost in the Democratic primary, among them ex-Rep. William H. Meyer as a candidate against Prouty and Hoff.

How ironic it would be if the one man who could bring to fruition real realignment in Vermont were to be defeated by defections from both the left and right.

Paul R. Wieck

The Nixon Watch

White House Staff

It looks as if the President, after 19 months of incessant fiddling with his staff structure, has evolved a setup that suits him well enough to see him through the remainder of his present term. One senses among his key people a feeling, new to the Nixon White House, that they know where they are now, with him and in terms of what he expects them to do for him. Odd though the observation may seem at a time of crisis and of collapsing hope and policy in the Middle East, the President and his assistants convey an appearance of orderly processes at work in an orderly way that is probably closer to the reality than skeptics like myself had believed possible. Whether this result, to the extent that it is real and not illusory, is as important to the country as it is to Mr. Nixon is an open question. But it is of at least middling importance that a President have at hand the administrative means to do his job in the way he thinks best for him.

An interesting paradox is apparent in Mr. Nixon's use of the structure to which he has devoted so much of his time and energy. Having fitted his principal assistants into neat organizational boxes, each bounded by precisely defined lines of responsibility, he is forever jerking them out of their assigned roles and giving them special jobs. George P. Shultz, the director of the new Office of Management and Budget, counts himself lucky when he is able to sit through a weekly meeting of that agency's enlarged executive staff without being summoned to the President's office for consultation on matters that may range from budgetary policy to school desegregation. John D. Ehrlichman, the Assistant for Domestic Affairs and executive director of the Cabinet-level Domestic Council, is supposed in theory to confine himself and his staff to the formulation of domestic policy proposals, and leave the execution of adopted policy to Shultz and OMB. But it doesn't work out that way, mainly because the President won't let it. Ehrlichman is still deep in operations, Shultz in policy making. Both of them at this writing are in the Far East, roving in the President's behalf from South Vietnam to Japan and Hong Kong. Donald Rumsfeld, who is both an assistant to the President and director of the Office of Economic Opportunity, has recently supervised a study of federal grants to cities, participated in the planning for the Republican congressional campaign, worked on a review of national domestic priorities and, along with these and other assigned chores, supervised a reorganization of OEO aimed at making it less disruptive of the established order than it had become under the Democrats. Former HEW Secretary Robert Finch, now a staff counsellor with Cabinet status, says

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that "It's great, just great, to be a Cabinet member without having to run a big department. I'm in on everything." He is managing the congressional campaign for the President, working with Ehrlichman and others on school desegregation, and keeping in uneasy touch with the Scranton commission.

The test of the Nixon structure is what comes from it. When I asked recently for an example of what the new Domestic Council has accomplished in the three months since it was established, with the promise that it would be the domestic equivalent of the National Security Council, I was told to await a forthcoming reexamination of the Model Cities program. This is the program, lodged in the Department of Housing and Urban Development, that is intended to concentrate federal money and energies upon the rehabilitation of blighted urban areas. Five Cabinet members of the Council, their staffs and several of Ehrlichman's White House assistants have devoted many meetings and countless man-hours to a review of the program as it has operated to date. Ehrlichman thought in mid-August that the resulting report was ready for release, but it was still in the works in late September. Its intended thrust is clear: the federal government must somehow find a way to require the effective spending of federal money for local purposes without depriving local authorities of creative autonomy and initiative. A Presidential task force came to the same conclusion months before the Domestic Council was established, and Nixon assistants were saying the same thing on their own before the task force was appointed. The utmost claimed for the Council report, when it finally appears, is that it will suggest some trial-and-error ways to reconcile federal responsibility with local responsibility and insights. That may justify the enormous effort that has gone into the study and report, but even Mr. Nixon must reflect at times upon the disparity between his kind of structured effort and real accomplishment.

Director Shultz has said that the new Office of Management and Budget, replacing the former Bureau of the Budget, embodies "a sharply concentrated and significantly strengthened effort to assist the President in the development and management of federal programs." It is intended to be the President's principal instrument of command, extending and strengthening his control over the entire federal establishment and especially over the domestic departments and agencies. The OMB formally evolved from the recommendations of a study commission headed by the President's friend, Roy Ash of Litton Industries, but its origins may be traced also to the irritation of Mr. Nixon and some of his assistants, notably John Ehrlichman, with the old Bureau of the Budget as they found it working when they took office. It seemed to them that the Budget Bureau's career economists, program analysts and statisticians had their heads buried in their own expertise, serving more often to frustrate than to further Presidential aims. It was the unfair reaction of men, many of them newcomers to government, who knew more about what they wanted to do than how to do it, but their angers and resentments contributed materially to the President's decision to establish the OMB and bring former Labor Secretary Shultz to the White House to head it.

If organization will solve or substantially help to solve a President's problems, the OMB should be all that Mr. Nixon intends it to be. Shultz, in his dual role as OMB director and a personal assistant to the President, working from the West Wing of the White House, has the clout to make the new system work if anyone can. His standing with the President is such that no other assistant dares or cares to cross either him or his OMB subordinates, who are encouraged now to think of themselves as members rather than monitors of the White House staff. Caspar Weinberger, a San Francisco lawyer who served briefly as chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, is deputy director in charge of the detailed budgetary process. Associate Director Arnold Weber oversees five reorganized and consolidated bureau divisions charged with improving the management of federal activities throughout government. Three noncareer assistant directors, political appointees but also highly professional technicians in their respective fields, are taking over the responsibility not only for the budgets of all departments and agencies but for their working relationships and communication with the White House and the Presidential staff. Shultz has told them and the heads of the concerned departments and agencies that he expects the assistant directors to be his and the President's "desk men," in effect the White House assistants to whom department and agency heads turn first when they have business with the President or with Mr. Nixon's own assistants.

This will take some doing. Richard Nathan, Donald Rice and James R. Schlesinger, the assistant directors in question, are in fact assistants to Shultz, not Nixon, and no amount of persuasion to the contrary is likely to assuage the doubts of Cabinet-rank department heads who prefer to believe that they are the President's men. Elaborate efforts to identify the assistant OMB directors with the President, through Shultz, are in train and they may work out to better effect than is suggested here. But they overlook a small point that has not occurred to the President's management experts. A Cabinet member who wants to telephone Nathan, Rice or Schlesinger will not find any of them at the White House number (456-1414). They are on the Executive Office line (395-3000). A change of telephone numbers might be helpful.

John Osborne

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Hypothetical Horribles

I Spy, You Spy

Senator Sam Ervin of North Carolina, a faithful guardian of privacy, thinks the government is storing too many facts about too many people in high-speed, quick-reference data banks. The Civil Service Commission, Secret Service, HUD, HEW, Customs Bureau, and Justice Department are some of the agencies that keep files on citizens who are neither federal employees, criminal suspects, nor convicts. "Judge" Ervin believes that Americans suffer a subtle form of intimidation by having their lives recorded in federal files, and he wants to establish a computer regulating agency. He plans to open hearings on data-keeping on October 6 before the Constitutional Rights Subcommittee.

Ervin found good ammunition for his cause this spring when the Army was forced to admit it has been spying on civilian politics and keeping computerized records of potential troublemakers. Former Army intelligence officer Christopher Pyle wrote an article describing Army plans for a large computer at Ft. Holabird, Md. which would serve as a reference bank on citizens who seemed subversive. For several years, Army undercover men have watched political demonstrations – usually antiwar and civil rights rallies. Agents joined the SDS and Black Panthers. Officers investigated Ralph Abernathy's Resurrection City and attended the University of Maryland as full time student/spies. The information they collected was distributed over nationwide Army teletypes, published in a blacklist of troublemakers, and eventually tucked away in files.

When the program was exposed, Ervin and other congressmen threatened to hold public hearings. After several months of congressional harassment, the Army decided in June that it would cut back its domestic intelligence. The order went out as a policy letter signed by a colonel in the Pentagon: the Army will "under no circumstances" collect information on "civilian individuals or organizations whose activities cannot, in a reasonably direct manner, be related to a distinct threat of civil disobedience" beyond the control of local authorities. The Army beat an official retreat, but left behind some grumbling legislators.

Ervin thinks the wording of the Army directive is imprecise and full of loopholes, and he wonders who will fill the intelligence gap created by the Army's departure. The June directive says the Army now "relies upon the Department of Justice at the national level to furnish civil disturbance threat information." To the senator, this looks like "an obvious surrender by the Justice Department." But to those on the inside, it seems to indicate nothing new. A spokesman for Justice says, "We're not doing anything we didn't do before. We have always supplied information to those who would need it." The Army's civilian files are now being held by Justice as evidence in a lawsuit involving Melvin Laird and a man who says his name is on one of the lists. Asked if Justice has incorporated the Army intelligence into its own data bank, the spokesman said, "There's nothing in those files we don't already have." Apparently the Army spying was a case of government overlap: at best, a waste of time; at worst, an invasion of civil territory.

The Justice Department's civil disturbance unit feeds information into an "interdivisional computer" where it keeps intelligence on organizations and people who might cause trouble, where they operate, and why. Other agencies are permitted to look at the files if they show a good reason. Asked if there are any guidelines determining what names go into the computer, the Justice spokesman said there is certainly an "internal" policy: "I think our interest is in the more militant people, the leadership, like SDS, Weathermen types, and Black Panther types." He couldn't be explicit, but he seemed to think that Justice uses a narrower definition of "subversive" than does the Army.

Ervin argues that surveillance and file-keeping in the Army fashion has a "chilling effect" on the exercise of free speech. When people know that federal police are watching certain activities, they are reluctant to become involved. Where they would normally speak out, they remain silent. And this, says Ervin, is a violation of the First Amendment. In theory, a free citizen should know that as long as he obeys the law, his actions will not earn him a secret government dossier.

The conflict between surveillance and private rights is not just a federal concern; the American Civil Liberties Union has joined battle with local police across the country over the same issue. The New Jersey Supreme Court this June dismissed an ACLU invasion-of-privacy suit against the state attorney general. After the 1968 riot in Newark, the A-G began requiring state police to fill out personality and incident reports whenever they were assigned to a demonstration. Agents attended rallies, investigated those present who

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interested them, and kept the notes in permanent files. In dismissing the case, the chief justice said the ACLU was worrying about "hypothetical horribles," and that "it would be folly to deprive the government of its power to deal with that tyranny [lawlessness] merely because of a figment of a fear that government itself might run amok." The case is expected to reach the Supreme Court.

ACLU branches in New Orleans and Richmond are also handling lawsuits against local policemen accused of photographing onlookers at antiwar and civil rights meetings. In New Orleans, officers of the intelligence unit allegedly used picture-taking to harass demonstrators. One plaintiff testified that at an antiwar demonstration, "a car full of policemen would ride by slowly and take pictures from the car and they were giggling and laughing . . . and then they would . . . go around the corner and come back and take our pictures again." She said the police cameramen frightened away people who otherwise would have joined the protest.

These methods are untypical; most agents prefer to remain inconspicuous. In Oklahoma this August, the Civil Liberties Union stumbled onto an $18,347 federal grant to a secret state agency. By direct order of Governor Dewey Bartlett, the state military department has been running a surveillance post for two years without the knowledge of the legislature. In applying for funds under the Omnibus Crime Control act, the agency listed its needs for: part-time professional investigators, $470 worth of subscriptions to publications, a secret radio band for communicating with agents in the field, and riot conferences with police chiefs in college towns. It mentioned the presence of black organizations and "antiwar/anti-draft" activities on campuses as evidence of the growing danger to civil order.

Oklahoma civil libertarians believe the governor's agency has disregarded the constitutional rights of 6000 citizens listed in its files. To them, the selection of suspects seems arbitrary, and the practice of spying on citizens, odious. The ACLU filed an injunction suit against the state in federal court on September 16.

Policemen view surveillance as a practical question. Paul Fuqua, spokesman for the Washington, D.C. police, believes spy-work can't be restricted. "How can you limit it?" he wants to know. "If your best buddy was pushing heroin, don't you think we'd investigate you from top to bottom?" Although he couldn't give details about his intelligence unit, he said that most decisions on surveillance are made by the officer on the case. In a kidnaping, Fuqua said he wouldn't hesitate "to bug the hell out of a suspect's telephone." Fuqua isn't concerned about most "two-bit local intelligence operations," but he admits he is scared by some of the latest spying devices and sophisticated computers. For example, he feels uneasy about a new laser-beam listening system that works from as far as a mile away. When focused on a window, it relays vibrations from conversations in the room, using the windowpane as a microphone. It's a great leap forward in snooping.

Like Fuqua, most men connected with investigative operations are puzzled by Senator Ervin's insistence that "we stand to lose the spiritual and intellectual liberty of the individual" if the trend towards computerized surveillance continues. Anthony Mondello, General Counsel of the Civil Service Commission and a specialist in personal rights, speaks of privacy protection chiefly in technical terms. He foresees advances in coding, thumb-print, and voice-identifying devices to prevent unauthorized employees from checking into secret computer files. He has faith in the present system. He believes that public demonstrators are "asking to be photographed," and that there is no significant difference between government files on controversial citizens and ordinary newspaper files. Even Ramsey Clark, often quoted for his liberal legal opinions, sees the computer as nothing more potent than "a highly efficient filing cabinet." People who complain about police computers may simply be asking for "an inefficient police force," says Clark. He thinks it would be better to face the question squarely: "what information will a free society permit to accumulate without the individual's consent?"

Surveillance and blacklisting are ancient tools of government which have suddenly become more effective through high-speed communication and data-retrieval machinery. Computers, teletypes, and radios are making spying efficient and potentially more damaging. One federal official describes in frightening dimensions the computer tapes now being developed. Soon it will be possible to store ten-page dossiers on every American in a tape library the size of a living room. Within ten minutes of receiving a query, the computer could print out a short life history.

The worries of the ACLU may prove to be more than just "hypothetical horribles." And Senator Ervin's hearings may produce more than just a "figment of a fear."

Eliot Marshall

COMING: Thoughts on modern domestic life and what once was called "the servant problem"—by Janet Malcom

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Reading Soviet Intentions

by Joseph Alsop

If we are wise, we must now face the fact that the Soviet Union is currently *preparing for* two nuclear wars. The question is whether the preparations are merely conditional – as they may well be.

The Soviet military build-up on the Sino-Soviet frontier is an old story; but its scope and potentially sinister character add up to a pretty disturbing new story. To begin with, there can no longer be any doubt that the build-up's basic design is offensive, rather than defensive. Consider, here, the matter of the Central Asian Military District. This is the first new military district established within the Soviet Union since the second world war. It is placed – surely not by accident – on the most vulnerable sector of China's borders, across the frontier from remote Sinkiang province. For about a century, Russian grabs for Sinkiang have been made every few decades. Since the new military district was formed a little more than a year ago, it has further received two entire armies, or about eight divisions, with all the powerful supporting weapons that are standard for a Soviet army. These two Russian armies face no more than three Chinese divisions in Sinkiang. Does this look *defensive*?

As to the nuclear aspect, it is still commonly stated that "the Soviets would never even think" of a preventive nuclear war. But to begin with, no kind of attack on China makes either political or military sense for the Soviet Union, except a surgical nuclear strike to destroy the Chinese nuclear capability – perhaps combined with seizure of exposed Sinkiang. The only serious *casus belli* is China's independent and increasingly impressive nuclear power. And this year, important Soviet units equipped with the "Scaleboard" nuclear-ballistic missile have been moved up towards the frontier, into the exact positions required for a surgical nuclear strike.

It may all be "war of nerves stuff," as one of the highest American policy-makers explained, when the Soviet divisions began massing on the borders of unhappy Czechoslovakia. We shall have to wait awhile, before we know the true meaning of this still-continuing military build-up, which was more powerful than ever in the summer of 1970. The Soviets can obviously afford to defer their final decision about attacking or not attacking, until China's nuclear program threatens to change the risk-factors – which has not happened as yet. But whether or no the Soviets turn out to mean business when the time comes, the *preparations* for a nuclear war are unmistakable.

I have dealt first with the situation on the Sino-Soviet frontier, because the data there speak for themselves. This is not true of the far more urgently dangerous situation in the Middle East. It is best to begin by saying that *if* the Soviets are planning a serious attack on Israel, they are then, once again, consciously preparing for a potential nuclear war. This is because the Soviet general staff must be well aware of the very high probability that Israel possesses nuclear weapons. The Soviet staff must surely be aware, too, that the Israelis, in their current mood, are entirely capable of using weapons-of-last-resort if driven to extremities. So any Soviet attempt to drive Israel to extremities must certainly involve a nuclear contingency plan.

The question, then, is whether the kind of attack that may drive Israel to extremities will actually be made. No one knows the final answer to that terrible question, although it may be forthcoming all too soon. But once again, it is beyond reasonable doubt that the Soviets have at least been *preparing* such an attack; and the preparations furthermore began over two years ago, when major new decisions about Soviet Middle Eastern policy were made.

Artificial resuscitation of the Kremlin's Arab clients was the immediate Soviet response to Israel's brilliant and deserved victory in the six day war of 1967. The long-term decisions above-mentioned were then taken towards the beginning of 1967's last quarter. This can be inferred, with a very high degree of confidence, from the character of the program of Soviet arms deliveries that was inaugurated at that time. The program was strikingly methodical; it had an even, fairly deliberate and unbroken tempo; and it was massive. In short, there was nothing improvised or *ad hoc* about this program, which meant that it was based on a firm prior policy-choice; and its massiveness further meant that it could not be interpreted as "defensive" in purpose. The Egyptians, after all, did not, and do not, need 1600 tanks and 1600 heavy guns to defend themselves. Yet this was what Egypt got, while 1000 tanks and 1000 heavy guns went to Syria. The Soviet program's purpose was publicly revealed in March 1969, when Gamal Abdel Nasser proclaimed a "war of attrition" against Israel.

"Nasser and his masters in Moscow really believed that they were ready to crush us by sheer weight of metal," was the explanation that General Moshe

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Dayan later gave me; and I am sure that he was right. Indeed, the expectations General Dayan attributed to Nasser and the Soviets could well have been fulfilled, if it had not been for a single miscalculation in the plans for the war of attrition. Briefly, Israel's Bar-Lev line, along the banks of the Suez canal, was, and is, eggshell thin. Behind the Bar-Lev line there was, and is, no fall-back position that is militarily defensible, without the national mobilization that must always mean full scale war for little Israel. From March, 1969, until July, 1969, the "weight of metal" thrown upon the small strong points of the Bar-Lev line rose vertiginously, reaching 10,000 heavy artillery rounds a day. This was much more than the strong points could stand for long. The resulting debates in the Israeli Cabinet were bitter and painful. After prolonged hesitation and argument, in July, 1969, the order was given to use the tiny but magnificent Israeli air force against ground targets in Egypt *for the first time since the 1967 ceasefire*. The Israeli pilots promptly proved that they could go anywhere and hit anything they chose in Egypt. Nasser brought his war of attrition to a rapid halt, not publicized by Nasser of course, but announced by the virtual silencing of the Egyptian guns along the canal.

One may be certain that the Soviet military planners were both surprised and indignant. One suspects, too, that they blamed the abrupt failure of the "war of attrition" on the "Wogs," or whatever the Soviet derogatory term for Egyptians may be. After all, besides the enormous quantities of other arms already mentioned, the Soviets had provided the Egyptians with above 300 supersonic fighters and fighter-bombers, against under 80 supersonic aircraft then in the Israeli Air Force. With a favorable strength-ratio of at least four to one, the Soviet planners must have been confident that even the Egyptians could at least defend their own air-space. But the "Wogs" had failed to take care of themselves in this manner; and the evidence is again strong that a further decision was rather promptly taken, within the walls of the Soviet Defense Ministerium, to reinforce the Egyptians with Russian flyers and Russian missile-troops. I specify the Defense Ministerium, because the Soviet general staff's decision, judging by the same evidence, must have considerably preceded the Soviet government's decision. What we are talking about here is the sort of Rubicon-crossing generals do not mind but governments hate – sending Russian troops into combat beyond the recognized borders of the Soviet Empire, and for the first time since the second world war. The formal decision was reached not too long after the beginning of the Israeli air force's "deep penetration raids," which started in early January, 1970. These understandable but imprudent "deep penetration raids" played a significant role in the Soviets' Rubicon-crossing. But the movement into Egypt of the Soviet Mig-21 squadrons and SAM-3 missile batallions was then executed with astonishing promptitude and smoothness, from which I conclude that the package was ready-wrapped, waiting to be shipped, before the Soviet presidium approved the shipment. And this indicates that the Israeli raids merely gave the Soviet military leaders an extra, very persuasive argument to bustle the Soviet civilian leaders into breaking all the precedents of the last quarter-century.

All these facts are so important, because they date the crucial Soviet policy-choice, not from the winter of this year, but from the last quarter of 1967, when the methodical and massive program of arms deliveries began. If this is correct, the sending of the Mig-21 squadrons and SAM-3 missile battalions must then be seen in an extra-unpleasant light – as a natural military planner's device to supply an unexpected missing piece in a military plan cold-bloodedly adopted, in broad outline, more than two years earlier. All the more recent facts unhappily support this way of looking at the matter. The people whose predictions have been consistently erroneous, are still saying "the Soviets need Israel" for their Middle Eastern policy. The *facts* appear to indicate, however, that the Soviets instead think they need to beat the Israelis to their knees, or even to crush Israel altogether.

The sordid political facts concerning the Soviets' and Egyptians' broken promises to the US State Department; the incautious and shamefully worthless US guarantees to the Israelis; and the "standstill" ceasefire that has turned into a trap – all these are well enough known to be omitted here. But it is worth setting down the new facts concerning military preparations that suggest the grimness of the Soviet intention. These may be summarized as follows:

First, with much help from the ceasefire, the Soviets and Egyptians have now moved forward their SAM-2 and SAM-3 missile battalions towards the very banks of the Suez canal. Solely because of our false economies on national defense, the US has no equipment to offer the Israelis that can deal with the advanced SAM-2s or the SAM-3s. The SAM-2-SAM-3 combination constitutes a weapons-system to which the Israelis have as yet failed to find any sort of tactical answer. If no answer is soon found, the forward deployment of these missiles will give the Soviets and Egyptians effective control of the air over the Suez canal; and it will also assure protection from Israeli air attack of the whole critical strip along the Egyptian bank of the canal. Here the Soviet-supplied heavy guns used to be emplaced, and will be again. (Before the ceasefire-trap contrived in Washington, it should be noted that the effectiveness of Israeli bombing had caused the heavy guns to be moved to the rear, out of this critical strip. But that, of course, is of no sig-

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nificance today – except as regards US responsibilities.)

Second, the Soviets have recently begun to supply the Egyptians with large numbers of a quiet new weapon – their huge 203 millimeter gun, which throws a 200-pound shell with remarkable accuracy. This gun of about 8-inch caliber is the best anti-fortification weapon in the modern world, and it is capable of pounding the little strong points in the Bar-Lev line into dust and rubble, and just that must be its intended function. Under the SAM-2-SAM-3 missile umbrella, moreover, these ultra powerful guns will have nothing to halt their salvoes.

Third, and again recently, the Soviets have begun pouring into Egypt large additional quantities of military bridging materiel, needed for crossing the high-banked Suez canal, and mechanized rafts, needed for crossing the wider water-areas with their much lower banks, like the Great Bitter Lake. The preparations to smash the Bar-Lev line and to effect a canal-crossing are in short being made as these words are written. The time is not yet, to be sure. Some months will be needed, for example, to train the Egyptians to use the canal-crossing equipment they are receiving. But if preparations reveal intentions, the intention to effect a canal-crossing can be plainly seen.

Faced with these menacing facts, the Israelis are reportedly divided for the moment. One group, apparently including Dayan and the army's chief of staff, General Haim Bar-Lev, believes that an attempt must be made to hold the Bar-Lev line at almost any cost, even if the costs are cruelly heavy. Another group, probably headed by General Israel Tal, who may well be the greatest tank commander in the world today, believes in treating the Bar-Lev line as obsolete, and meeting future canal-crossers further back, with a stern welcoming committee organized around Israel's incomparable armored forces. Although it would require quasi-mobilization, General Tal's plan seems more logical; yet it has one hole in it that makes the proposed gamble downright hair-raising. In brief, all theorists of armored warfare agree that no amount of verve and skill can win a tank battle in the desert against an enemy possessing air supremacy, or even a wide margin of air superiority. This hole in the Tal plan would hardly be worth considering, if the Israelis only had to worry about the Egyptian air force. But that, also, is no longer true.

Suddenly but quite deliberately, during the 10 days before the ceasefire on August 7, the Soviet high command ordered the Russian pilots in Egypt into combat with the Israeli air force. One big dog-fight resulted, with the score of four Soviet Migs shot down out of eight engaged, against a zero-loss for Israel. The very poor initial showing of the Russian pilots had been predicted to me some time previously by the Israeli Air Force Commander, General Mordecai Hod, who based his prediction on the bad training and inept tactics the Russians had given the Egyptians. "Everybody says the Egyptian flyers have no guts," said General Hod. "But by God, *I* think it takes guts to come up against our pilots, with the certainty that you have a one-in-three chance of getting killed! So that's not their trouble." General Hod then made his forecast that the Russians, until they learned better, would be hardly better than the Egyptians. But he added "the trouble is that the Soviets have 10, 20, 40 – what you please – to every plane and pilot we have." It is in this lurid light that one must interpret the deliberate, last-minute injection of Russian pilots into air combat with the Israelis. The Soviets always treat any precedent – at any rate, any precedent that has not been effectively opposed – as the equivalent of an open-ended prerogative. Because of our eagerness for the ceasefire, the US did not say "Booh" about the new precedent set in the Soviet-Israeli dogfight, although Secretary of State William Rogers had previously warned Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin that we would take an exceedingly dark view of any offensive use of the Soviet Migs newly based in Egypt.

Anyone who is realistic must therefore be ready for Soviet planes and Soviet pilots being used with a lavish hand, if the canal-crossing that is being prepared for takes place. Nothing could be easier than to increase the Soviet airpower in Egypt by a large factor, by staging 20 or 30 additional Mig-21 squadrons through the Syrian base at Lattakieh, to Alexandria or Cairo. The whole movement, including airborne deployment of more Soviet maintenance personnel in Egypt, would require no more than a month. If there is this kind of augmentation of Soviet airpower in Egypt, moreover, the Russian-flown Mig-21s will outnumber the total present stock of supersonic aircraft in Israel by up to five to one, without counting the Egyptians, whose supersonic aircraft still outnumber their Israeli equivalents by about three to one. And probably one must add the Syrians! So what then will be the outcome of the battle in the desert that may loom ahead?

That is literally a question of life-and-death for Israel. Yet I have been talking, I must emphasize once again, only about *preparations*. My own tendency, especially since Czechoslovakia's invasion, is to assume that preparations reveal intentions. Pray God that I am wrong in this view, as I can easily be. But even in this breathless but relatively quiet interval – more worrying than any time I have lived through since Pearl Harbor – it seems to me we also ought to ask ourselves some other very grave questions. May not the mere *preparations* I have described imply a drastic mutation in Soviet policy? Do they not perhaps even imply a drastic mutation in the unseen inner structure of the Soviet government itself? In the facts I have set forth, there is certainly a strong smell of long-range military planning, rather than normal civilian policy-making.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Wild Child
(United Artists)

Kes
(United Artists)

At a press conference after the showing of his new film at the New York Festival, François Truffaut was asked why he had made it in black and white. He said that when he saw the zoom lens used in Pasolini's *Gospel According to Saint Matthew*, he found himself thinking that there was no zoom lens in the time of Christ; and similarly he felt that there was no color film in 1798, the period of *The Wild Child*. Asked why he himself played the doctor, he said that he wanted no mediator between him and the child; by playing the role he could direct the picture while he was in it. Asked why he used so many iris shots to begin and end scenes, he said that fadeouts have to be done in a lab and are always unsatisfactory; he could do the iris shots right in the camera.

Directors should not be burdened too heavily with the things they say in interviews: there seem to be two concurrent but separate professions – film-making and interview-giving. But Truffaut's replies are cute. (Besides the obvious cuteness of the first answer, it is also cute to pretend that he couldn't have directed the boy from behind the cameras as well as he did the boys in *Les Mistons* and *The 400 Blows;* and cute, further, to pretend that lab shortcomings forced him here to use the archaic iris device that he has often used before.) The cuteness is part of his film-making psyche these days (all those cosy "inside" references in *The Bride Wore Black* and *Mississippi Mermaid*), and it is one of the reasons why *The Wild Child,* which is generally interesting, is not as good as it might have been. The visual aim of the film is not to look like 1798, but to look like an old film, a cute objective rather than an artistic one: the many uses of the iris, the tone of the black and white which is almost like 1920s sepia, the management of the crowd scenes like those in old operettas, all these are consciously quaint devices.

The best element is the straightforward narrative, which is truly simple, not quaintly so. Truffaut follows the documents left by a Dr. Jean Itard who in 1798 acquired custody of a boy of twelve or so. This boy had apparently been living alone in a forest since he was old enough to feed himself; the guess was that he had been abandoned for dead when he was three or four. He now loped on all fours most of the time, was naked, and had no kind of speech. The chief psychiatrist of the day thought the boy was mentally defective, but Itard, a counsellor of deaf and dumb children, thought otherwise, took the boy to his home near Paris and, after various tribulations, brought him to utter his first high-pitched word and to show some sign of moral distinction.

The film's viewpoints are mixed – sometimes objective, sometimes the boy's or the doctor's – and this mixture doesn't help a cumulative sense of the unhusking of a human soul. Sections of Dr. Itard's notes are read on the sound-track – in English, necessarily (although the dialogue is French, with sub-titles), but why did Truffaut himself do it so badly? Jean-Pierre Cagol, a gypsy boy, is only adequate as the wild child; it's hard to see how he could have done less and still have registered. Truffaut as the doctor is a nullity, with a tight constricted voice and no warmth. Another example of a director who thinks that, since he can be at ease in front of a camera, he belongs there.

Yet the picture has a certain visceral effect. I was bored through some of the middle because I knew, as anyone would, that we were going through a *gradus ad Parnassum*, that the original notion of idiocy was going to be disproved, that the savage boy was going to be transformed – to some degree, anyway – by civilized kindness and knowledge. Or else why would the picture have been made? Still there is a power in this old idea, partly because it flatters us. What a wonderful bunch we are, we civilized fellows, and how touching it is to see a forest creature being elevated to our midst. The figure of the boy is only occasionally pathetic, yet there is a tribal, almost smug pleasure in watching the doctor's gradual success with him.

But compare *The Wild Child* with the use that was made of a similar theme in *Kaspar*, a play by the young Austrian Peter Handke (reviewed here Feb. 28, 1970). Handke took the idea of Kaspar Hauser, the Nuremberg boy who spent his first fifteen years alone in a dark hole somewhere, and used it for a complex, ambiguous inquiry into the very stuff of communication, cognition, and teleology. Truffaut merely builds on a series of flat assumptions in all these matters. Handke's work has a shadowy and disturbing texture; Truffaut's work asks very little and assumes pat responses.

The Wild Child has had an ecstatic critical reception. No surprise. When a sophisticated artist chooses an unadorned parabolic story and treats it in a consciously unadorned manner, it's a safe bet that the result will be hailed as profound simplicity, no matter how banal it may be. This film is neither a banal disaster nor a simple symbolic triumph. But it couldn't miss. *The Wild Child* by François Truffaut! – the theme chosen by a man who himself had a troubled childhood more or less chronicled in *The 400 Blows*, the new film dedicated to Jean-Pierre Léaud who played that earlier boy – why, this film hardly had to be made at all. The title credits and the dedication would have evoked practically the same reviews.

Kes is also about a boy – in the present-day English mining town of Barnsley. He is a working-class child who captures a small hawk, a kestrel – which he calls Kes – and who trains the bird according to a book on falconry. So *Kes*, too, is about the training of a wild creature by a civilized one.

And *Kes*, too, trades on a predictable and assumed series of emotional responses. An abused, misunderstood, stubbornly independent boy; a bullying older brother; a negligent and ineffectual mother; cruel schoolmates and tyrannical teachers; and a wild-animal pet for the boy. Is there anyone who couldn't take those elements and write the script? Is there anyone who doesn't know in advance that the boy's passion for the hawk is both an emotional outlet and a symbol of his own soaring spirit? Is there anyone who doesn't know that the mean older brother will kill the bird? But probably few of us would have had the nerve to make the brother kill the bird just at the moment when the boy finishes school and is

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Reed Whittemore: The Flyer and theYahoos

The Wartime Journals of Charles A. Lindbergh

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95)

In 1938 Lindbergh moved in the highest diplomatic and military circles of London, Paris and Berlin. He also made a trip to the Soviet Union, where he was well received and given a good look at Soviet aviation; but his subsequent comments about Russia – comments distorted, he claimed, by the press – caused the Soviets later to announce that if he ever came back to see them he would be arrested. His dislike of Russia and Communism permeates these Journals, as does his admiration for the Germans. Late in 1938 he tried to help prevent a European war by working to persuade the Germans to sell plane engines to the French! He admired the efficiency of the Germans, their industries and the character of their industrial and scientific leaders – but was occasionally disturbed by the Jewish thing, which he professed not to understand. He was awarded the "German Eagle" by Goering personally. The thought of a war with Germany repelled him, partly because he knew at first hand the strength of Germany and the weakness of its neighbors, and partly because he believed that "the future welfare of Western civilization depended largely upon the strength of Germany and the avoidance of a major war in Western Europe." Such statements place the book for Lindbergh haters.

Both France and Germany professed interest in his weird plane-engine project early in 1939, but suddenly the subject vanishes from his journals. He returned to the US in April, was given an Air Corps commission as colonel, toured American airfields, sat on important committees and talked with officials up to and including his favorite enemy (worse even than the Russians) FDR. When England and France declared war on Germany, Lindbergh went on the radio to declare his opposition to American entrance.

He began the year 1940 talking quietly in Cambridge with Alfred North Whitehead. He ended the year active in the America First Committee. 1940 was a critical year in his alienation from the ways of FDR's Administration. His sense of mission became grandiose; he came to feel that he was one of a dedicated few who might keep the Administration from pushing America into the war. And in 1940 he had some reason for optimism. He also had a large following.

1941 was the year of the locust. Lindbergh continued his activities for the America First Committee right up to Pearl Harbor, battling the war forces whose ranks, he said, included "the American government, the British government, the Jews and a major portion of the press, radio and motion picture facilities of the country." When Pearl Harbor came Lindbergh phoned General Wood of the America First Committee, and General Wood's first words were, "Well, he [Roosevelt] got us in through the back door." Apparently this was Lindbergh's sentiment too, but the issue was incidental now; he switched gears and prepared to fight for his country.

Fighting for his country proved to be harder than he had anticipated; Washington didn't want him. He had an unpleasant session with Secretary Stimson in January of 1942, during which Stimson refused to put Lindbergh "into any position of command" because of his past. So Lindbergh, who had been complaining about the Administration's war mongering now found himself complaining that he couldn't join up: "I have always believed in the past that every American citizen had the right and duty to state his opinion in peace and fight for his country in war. But the Roosevelt administration seems to think otherwise." Meanwhile his enemies the newspapers kept after him, misquoting him, turning his words into statements seeming to express continued disaffection with our participation in the war. He was now fully committed, yet he kept writing disconcerting doubts into the journals: "A Russian dominated Europe would in my belief be far worse than a German dominated Europe."

With the United States in the war, and with the Armed Services not open to him, what to do? He soon was working for Ford at Willow Run, a gadfly on the B-24 production line. The journals now throttle down on Big Think and concentrate instead on details of flying and production. His comments about flying and particular flights, and about the flying characteristics of the dozens of military and commercial planes he tested are marvelous for anyone who has been an active flyer. Sometimes the information is technical, sometimes it branches off into divine poesy, but always his descriptions are clear and well written.

He emerges as one of the most careful and deliberate of flyers – and though he is his own press agent on the point there seems little reason to doubt him, nor to doubt that during the war years he remained both one of the world's great flyers and one of aviation's true experts.

At about midpoint in Lindbergh's Willow Run life, his journal lapses for some months. When we pick up again, he is still working for Ford but planning a trip to the Pacific. In 1944 this trip comes off and we find him flying with the Navy in mid-Pacific, although he is still not in uniform. He tells us that he downed one Jap. The military life gives us Lindbergh at his best, not worrying very much about the course of civilization but doing his job and doing it well. Eventually one of the generals tells him he must stop flying missions because there would be hell to pay if Washington heard.

He returns home; there is another lapse in the journal and suddenly we are at the end of the war with Lindbergh back touring Germany at the moment the various conquerors spread through the ravaged landscape. Here, after the pleasant military calm of the Pacific we find again Lindbergh the "civilized" man. His German sympathies are so strong that he has no time for any of the other forces present in Germany; all are bad but some are worse – with the French Senegalese the worst, then the Russians, French, British and Americans. The beaten Germans, none of whom seem to be Nazis, become objects of Lindbergh's sympathy. He goes to visit his old friends like Professor Messerschmitt (Messerschmitt was impris-

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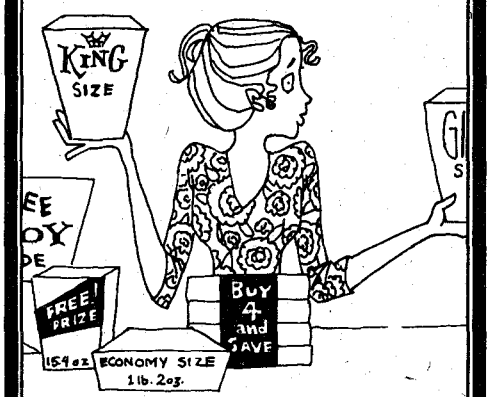

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oned shortly after Lindbergh talked with him). All these nice civilized scientist types treat Lindbergh courteously (this is the civilized part) and begin to negotiate with him to have their affairs put in the hands of Americans instead of Russians. Lindbergh is delighted. One proposal which comes to him, for example, is that "ten of the Junkers' technical men together with their families [be taken] into the American zone." To the suggestion Lindbergh replies that he thinks the idea excellent: "The only improvement I can suggest is to try to get one hundred of them into our area instead of ten." As for the divvying up of Germany among the victorious powers, Lindbergh fears for those who are left in the hands of the Russians: "We are turning her [a young girl] and thousands of others like her over to Soviet soldiers for their sport. I feel ashamed. What responsibility has this child had for Hitler and the Nazis?"

When at the very end Lindbergh visits a Nazi prison camp and sees the two furnaces, his rationalization is as follows: "This, I realize, is not a thing confined to any nation or to any people. What the German has done to the Jew in Europe, we are doing to the Jap in the Pacific." How such an argument leads to the conclusion of the journals – that it is finally the Russians who are the world's barbarians – is never made clear.

Shortly before this book's publication Frank Mankiewicz and Tom Braden, in one of their newspaper columns, criticized publisher William Jovanovich for bringing the Lindbergh book out at this time. They described Lindbergh as a muddled racist, an apologist for the Nazis and something of an obscenity upon the political landscape. They concluded that Mr. Jovanovich had chosen a particularly bad time to publish the book: "It helps the nation decide its policy towards Israel as gasoline helps a fire. It will bring out the racists."

There is, I think, an element of truth in their remarks. The timing of the book's publication *is* curious; and of course the Lindbergh record is disturbing for those who have no time for German apologists. Yet what Mankiewicz and Braden did in their column is so characteristic of journalistic treatment of Lindbergh in general, during the years of his glory and infamy, that all of Lindbergh's hatred of journalists, and the reasons for it, are immediately brought to mind. In the first place they didn't read the book apparently, but only promotional material *about* the book; and in the second place they were thoroughly intemperate in their description of him.

At worst Lindbergh has been perhaps a snob, a sucker for old-world manners. He reminds me of some American soldiers in a marvelous story about Occupation Germany by Robie Macaulay ("A Nest of Gentlefolk") who are completely taken in by the manners and culture of a castleful of aristocrat Nazis, and therefore fail to uncover the castle's nasty secrets. But at best Lindbergh is a genuinely civilized man who, from the time of his Paris flight, has been surrounded by Yahoos and literally driven into anti-democratic isolation. There is no more depressing testimony to the brutishness of American journalism than that which Lindbergh has seen for nearly half a century – and Mankiewicz and Braden have added to the record.

It is one of Lindbergh's continuing complaints that journalists have only rarely quoted him accurately and represented his position fairly. The chances of their now representing the *Journals* fairly seem equally slim. After all, he was an isolationist and a culture vulture; he hated Roosevelt and was more than a little anti-semitic. He had enormous capitalist connections, knew the conservative Western military mind like an open book, and believed that cleanliness is next to godliness. Does this not damn him?

Yet the liberal who does not recognize in Lindbergh, beyond these qualities, an extraordinarily strong and characteristic American intelligence, and fails to see the complications of such a character behind the anti-liberal views that he displays, will never, I am afraid, understand America very well.

This is an important book. Lindbergh is an important man, with a spacious mental life that is not well represented if one takes into account only his America First connections. Much of that life is committed to the art, science and romance of flying; much more to preserving and making habitable the private life that Yahoo journalists always were anxious to turn to nightmare. And even in the parts of the *Journals* that journalists might call obscene we see less evidence of racism and the like than of the reasoning of a military specialist. He tried, after the manner of many non-fascist military

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thinkers, to make judgments about America's entrance into the war exclusively in terms of the military chess board in Europe. He saw narrowly perhaps, but he saw truly what he did see – a powerful Germany that would be beaten, if at all, only in a long and exhausting end game. He therefore feared that the effects of a war with Germany would not be measured in terms of victor and loser. One can certainly argue against such a position – especially after the fact – but it is nonetheless a position seriously to be reckoned with, not an obscenity.

His *Journals* are extensive, diverse, full of variety and contradiction – and great honesty and humanity.

David Littlejohn: The Banality of Evil

Papillon by Henri Charrière

(William Morrow; $8.95)

Other countries' best-sellers are often puzzling things. I can imagine a French critic sitting down before the latest Harold Robbins, say, or *Airport*, or *Love Story*, and struggling to discover what it is about the book that could possibly have appealed to so many Americans.

Papillon is doomed to be advertised in this country as "the best-selling book in France," and that indeed it has been, ever since its publication in June 1969. In a country of fifty million people, whose average citizen reads even less than one of ours, a fat twenty-eight franc ($5.10) edition sold 100,000 copies in a month, 400,000 in three months, 800,000 by the end of 1969, over a million by last April, to make it the greatest "runaway" best-seller in France since *Bonjour, Tristesse* of 1954.

Papillon is the first-person account of Henri Charrière, who was condemned in Paris in 1931 (at twenty-five) to life imprisonment in the penal colony of French Guiana for murdering a pimp. He was, he claims, innocent of the crime; and in any event he dedicated the next eleven years to planning and executing a series of ingeniously contrived escapes.

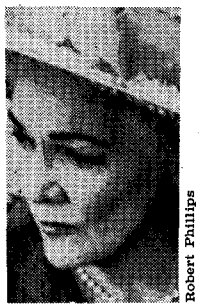
First he escaped with two other convicts from the prison hospital on the mainland by knocking out four guards with iron bed legs, and sailing two boats (the first purchased from lepers, the second a gift of friends on Curaçao) across fifteen hundred miles of open sea, with stops at Trinidad and Curaçao. En route to British Honduras – another thousand miles' trip – they were intercepted by Colombian police and imprisoned again. From here Charrière ("Papillon" was his underworld nickname) made his second escape – a simple matter of prying loose bars and climbing a six-foot wall – and fled through the jungle to spend a six-month idyll among primitive Indians near the Venezuelan border. He left with some misgivings about the call of civilization (his two Indian wives were both pregnant), and was directly betrayed back to the Colombian police by a nun. This time, he tells us, they locked him in a dreadful dungeon flooded daily by tides and muck, crawling with rats, crabs, and centipedes. A third escape attempt from here was elaborately prepared – a warden bribed, a boat purchased with Indian gold pieces and pearls, etc. – only to be thwarted when God refused to provide the necessary rain.

Transferred to the Barranquilla prison to await extradition, Charrière ventured a series of four extraordinary escapes, or *cavales*. All four failed, for a variety of reasons, and after eleven months of escapes he was back in French Guiana, his arches broken (the result of leaping off a twenty-five foot wall), a celebrity among convicts, condemned to an extra two years in silent solitary confinement on the Iles de Salut.

He survived this ordeal by means of

"She will never write a more revealing memoir,"

writes Thomas Lask in the *New York Times* about Katherine Anne Porter's COLLECTED ESSAYS. "Her prose is a nine-day's delight." Critics differ, of course, on their favorites. Hilton Kramer, of the *N. Y. Times Book Review*, praises the selections from her unfinished book on Cotton Mather —"a work that gives every sign of being a masterpiece." Charles Samuels, in the *New Republic*, welcomes " 'A Wreath for the Gamekeeper,' which passionately and comically denounces *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and 'The Wooden Umbrella,' a scintillating put-down of Gertrude Stein." Choosing among countless "small masterpieces," the *Chicago Sun-Times* reviewer sums up: "It is all good work, and there can never be enough of it." Much of this material has never before been anthologized; some has never before appeared in print. But the chief merit of the collection remains Miss Porter herself. Carl Bode, in the *Baltimore Evening Sun* concludes: "She weaves an imperishable web."



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the most rigorous mental and physical discipline. Returned to the general prison compound of the Iles, he set about at once planning his next escape. This involved the secret building of a raft over a period of four months, hiding the pieces in a graveyard. Betrayed by a fellow-prisoner at the last minute, he was sent back to *Réclusion*, the solitary tomb of perpetual silence – this time for eight years: a sentence longer than any man had survived. But a general relaxation of the prison's iron discipline, and an act of bravery on his part won him a reprieve – i.e., a return to a merely normal life sentence – after only nineteen months.

His ninth attempt involved feigning madness in order to steal two giant barrels from the island asylum, which he wired together into a raft; but the very first wave dashed the barrels to kindling, and killed his companion. One last try: this time from Devil's Island itself, the smallest, best known, most escape-proof, least inhabited of the Iles de Salut – a fantastic story of leaping into a carefully gauged monster of a wave, lashed to a sack full of cocoanuts, then fighting sea and sun, cramps, blisters, and blindness for forty hours until he was cast ashore on the quicksands of Guiana.

There are still fifty-six pages to go after this, and any number of harrowing adventures (a buddy sucked into the quicksands, escapes into the jungle, three charred corpses in a firepit, a man whipped to death at the stake, more flights in open boats). But this last *cavale* was the one, finally, that led him to release, to repatriation (as a Venezuelan), and to respectability, of a sort.

Twenty-two years after his last escape, a settled, sixty-year-old cabaret owner of Caracas, he buys a copy of Albertine Sarrazin's story of *her* prison and escape adventures. It had sold, he reads on the book-jacket band, 123,000 copies. Surely, he thinks, *my* story can sell better than hers. So he writes it out, mails it off to Mlle Sarrazin's editor; and lo and behold, he was right.

Putting aside the questions of his guilt and his honesty (both of which are still simmering in France), why did the story of Henri Charrière's purported adventures sell there so spectacularly well last year?

There is of course the everlasting appeal of adventure itself. Then there is the Robin Hood or Jean Valjean attraction, that of the good-criminal-as-hero, the safe-cracker and pimp (if not murderer) you love to love.

One also sees in *Papillon* what one might be called "safe pornography": the delicious anticipation of all manner of forbidden horrors – lepers, cannibals, rats, quicksand, sodomy, boiling water tortures – presented in a manner sufficiently denatured and palatable to be acceptable to middle-class mums.

Add to these features that of the "inside story" – the day-by-day life of prisoners in a French penal colony, the hypnotically appealing lists and How-To details (How to tattoo, blow up walls, find pearls, set sails, cure scurvy, grow tomatoes) – and the book emerges as a regular old-fashioned circusful of appeals to bourgeois needs and expectations. For all his life of crime and underworld adventures, Papillon's sentiments and opinions could not be more square. There is hardly one that a reactionary, church-going French banker's wife could not accept. He believes in "pity, kindness, sacrifice, nobility, and courage"; in honor among thieves, vengeance for evil, the pricelessness of true friends; in De Gaulle and in God; in a mother's tears; in the value of becoming a responsible member of society (the point, he insists, of all his escapes); and in the superiority of Nature to Civilization. For all the sexual joys of his six months' idyll with the Indians ("you had two chicks, one more stacked than the other" – "*tu as deux gonzesses plus girondes l'une que l'autre*"), it comes out here as a chivalrous, cliché-ridden daydream of Rousseauvean sentimentality: "it is better to be a savage Indian than a judge with all his honors."

Will these attributes win *Papillon* an American audience comparable to the French? I think most publisher-prophets would say no. I have greater faith than that in the permanence of the square, but I do think the French "mythology" in the book may be essentially untransferrable.

Paul Morelle, the reviewer for *Le Monde*, saw in *Papillon* the development of a new myth – "the myth of the exemplary and intractable *bagnard* [a prisoner in the penal colony], the legendary character who incarnates the one thing that, in the eyes of these prisoners for life, is the most precious in the world, because the most rare: the conquest of liberty." But this myth, I think, must of necessity be a *French* myth, one that evolves out of a shared language, a shared system of law and punishment, a shared atavistic response to the Ile du Diable and the ideal of *résistance*. Without this community of interest with the author, American readers may well find him of little more permanent significance than a master escape-artist.

Charles R. Larson: Slave Narrative, 1970

The Rise and Fall of a Proper Negro
by Leslie Alexander Lacy

(Macmillan; $5.95)

The black writer's place in American letters has never been secure among whites. Until recently, publishers have remained uninterested, or, at best, patronizing when an occasional work by a black writer has slipped into print. Entire literary movements, such as the Harlem Renaissance of the 1920s, have remained unknown to the average university English major. Major black American works (such as all of the novels by Claude McKay) continue to remain out of print. When I teach William Attaway's *Blood on the Forge* (1941) in my Afro-American literature course and mention the work to my colleagues who are supposed to be knowledgeable in American literature, they stare at me in confusion. I begin to wonder if they shouldn't be sitting in on the course. But at least they've heard of Booker T. Washing-

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ton and Frederick Douglass.

It is significant that Washington and Douglass helped to develop the literary genre for which blacks are most frequently remembered – the slave narrative – a form it has been almost impossible to break away from. *The Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass* was published in 1845 and Booker T. Washington's *Up from Slavery* (which too many people still regard as *the* Negro classic) in 1901, though by Washington's time the slavery aspect was becoming minimized and the genre was moving more directly toward conventional autobiography. Of the two or three thousand other extant slave narratives (many in manuscript form), only a handful have remained readily available.

The trajectory of the narrative is, of course, the continual pursuit of freedom – escape; and black writing in America after the "official" end of slavery remains strongly rooted in the slave narrative tradition. Du Bois' *Souls of Black Folk* (1903) sets the pattern of the post-slavery narrative whose descent continues through Claude Brown's *Manchild in the Promised Land* and *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*. The only difference in these later versions is the omission of the final scene – freedom – for these later authors have realized that there is no escape from the racism upon which the American system has been built. Leslie Alexander Lacy's *The Rise and Fall of a Proper Negro* takes the story one step further, the attempt to find that freedom in Africa – the black American's distant and often misunderstood heritage – and, illustrates, in its course, what might be called the failure of the African dream.

Lacy's narrative begins in Ghana – at the time of the Ghanaian coup which overthrew Nkrumah. Lacy is awakened from his sleep and told of the change. It is a somewhat contrived beginning, but it indicates the direction the narrative will follow. Afraid because of his pro-Nkrumah activities, he runs to the refuge of a Ghanaian friend's apartment. The running motif of the slave narrative is thus established immediately, reminding us of a guiding premise of Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*: "Keep This Nigger-Boy Running." Lacy then takes us back to the beginning to show us that he's been running all of his life – most of the time without realizing it.

Born in a small Louisiana town, Lacy

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was brought up to be a typical Southern gentleman. The only difference was that his parents were black. His father was a doctor, the Lacy household was filled with servants, and unlike the other blacks in the community, there was an unlimited amount of money. As a representative of the black elite, Dr. Lacy could afford to send his children to expensive, private schools. And in these institutions (a private secondary school in North Carolina, followed by two private colleges near Boston) Lacy became a proper Negro, i.e., not really concerned about his negritude. He continued his studies at the University of Southern California where he earned an MA in political science, and it was in California where his awakening began. When he suffered a crisis of black identity (in part from the pressure exerted upon him by a black student organization because of his Jewish girl friend), Lacy fled to Ghana, hoping to find his identity there.

The African experience alters his life immediately, and gives it direction. He blindly embraces Nkrumah's doctrines and activities, and becomes, while teaching at the University of Ghana, one of the leading figures of the Afro-American community. "Nkrumah's kingdom was our promised land, a cubistic panacea for our lost souls," he writes. Nkrumah has always been a special kind of symbol for Afro-Americans, and Lacy's students were unable to make him understand that for them Ghana had become a prison. Lacy states at one point, ". . . if half of the population was needed to eliminate subversion, then more power to them." But eventually he realizes what he's been doing:

> Ironically, and tragically, the perceptive and conscious New World Black is likely to find himself doing a little black Uncle Tomming in Africa in order not to be disliked, since that is why he came, and also because, in his own confused inferiority, he believes that criticism of Africans would support the racist notions Whites have about all black people.

The revelation is not uniquely Leslie Lacy's. For other black Americans, Africa has also come to represent a disenchanted heritage. The African experience has not been escape or freedom; colonization in Africa and slavery in America were Siamese twins, and the umbilical cord is still waiting for the razor.

The South African writer, Ezekiel Mphahlele, has commented on the dearth of black South African fiction. The racial situation is so debilitating that it has forced the would-be novelist to write only about his own immediate experience. The result is that he writes an autobiography, a narrative of his life, and the novel he wanted to write rarely gets written. Emotionally, it is too difficult to remove himself from his immediate life, to free himself and write something older than his life's story. Unfortunately, Mphahlele's comments about South Africa can too easily be applied to the black writer in America. The novels don't get written but the slave narratives do. Leslie Lacy's account, though full of beauty and rare insight, is further proof of the pattern. It is, also, the kind of book we still need to read if for no other reason than to remind us that the black man's history in America and in Africa is *our* heritage, everyone's heritage. As Lacy writes of W. E. B. Du Bois' funeral: "My first look at Nkrumah and my last look at Du Bois came together in my skull and hammered home with unmistakable clarity that the black man did have a history. Here was a part of it happening before my eyes."

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Peter Wolfe: Choosing the Death

The Driver's Seat by Muriel Spark

(Alfred A. Knopf; $4.95)

Miss Spark destroys suspense in the second chapter when she reveals that her main character will die on the following day. The stabbing-to-death of Lise, an accountant's assistant on holiday, becomes the least moving event in the book: at least once a chapter, Miss Spark interrupts the action to remind us of it. But in spite of her violations of both chronology and point of view, we keep turning pages. The glittering tone; the oblique perspective that criticizes as it describes; the dialogue, managed so that speeches do not answer directly the ones preceding them – these elements promise an excitement beyond that of the routine thriller.

Unfortunately, the promise is not kept. We feel more cheated than bewitched by *The Driver's Seat*. The book is about Lise, and Lise, closed to all life outside her, is what is wrong with the book. At thirty-four, she speaks four languages, has worked in the same office for eighteen years, and lives in a one-room efficiency that is more bleak and depressing than efficient. She is neither tall nor short, pretty nor plain, and she sees herself as neither young nor old. Her notable physical marks include a white streak in her hair and a pair of lips "normally pressed together like the ruled line of a balance sheet . . . a precision instrument." She carries a paperback book which she never reads but displays conspicuously, and she likes vivid clothes. For her holiday trip, she buys a yellow blouse, a skirt patterned in orange, blue, and mauve, and also a red-and-white striped coat.

Lise lives and works in a northern city and flies to a southern one. But she flies south, not to take a vacation, but to be murdered. At the airport, she even selects her killer, "a rosy-faced, sturdy young man of about thirty," who, she learns, has just spent six years in a mental hospital. Thus she chooses the time, place, and agent of her death. Within the next day, she meets a macrobiotic food fan, an elderly Jehovah's witness, and a garage mechanic called Big Carlo, who tries to seduce her. But none of these people distracts her from her suicidal mission. Her death comes exactly on cue.

What does it mean? How much do we care about it? Why does Lise go berserk? Miss Spark says some shocking things about the victim-victimizer relationship. When Richard, Lise's hand-picked killer, says, "A lot of women get killed in the park," Lise answers, "Yes, of course. It's because they want to be." Yet observations like this are not developed, and they neither slake nor deepen our curiosity. *The Driver's Seat* does not probe inward or reach outward. Lise has no personal relationships; she uses people without either liking or disliking them and then forgets them. Her lies, pranks, and private jokes with the reader grow stale because, like her social ties, they have no human reference point.

The Driver's Seat is more of an entertainment or demonstration than a novel. It does not take us into the madwoman's mind or explain her madness. This failure divides its subject matter from its form. Muriel Spark is a surface novelist. But her usual practice of describing her characters' outward acts rather than their inner stresses does not hold good here. Her technical cunning does not serve the action. A witches brew *The Driver's Seat* certainly is, but it is thin brew. It does not add to Miss Spark's artistic standing.

Notable

Memoirs 1885-1967 by Andre Maurois

(Harper and Row; $10.00)

"The minister is late in arriving. At this time he is carrying on a difficult negotiation with Ho Chi Minh. 'Reach an agreement', I tell him. 'In a distant and mysterious affair of this sort surrounded by dangers, the worst of compromises is better than the best of wars'. He shares this view. 'But I am not alone', he adds."

This bit of *déja vu* is an extract from the diary of Andre Maurois for July 26, 1946. As long ago as that, the French were struggling with Indo-China, and slowly groping toward

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conclusions that are currently being groped for all over again, but not by Frenchmen.

Maurois, whose real name was Herzog and who was 80 when he died three years ago, had a huge healthy enjoyment of his deserved popularity as biographer and novelist. In the first world war he'd had the luck to hit instant immense success as an interpreter of the French, British and Americans to each other, and he more or less continued this role through the rest of his long life, including in the second world war. He loved name-dropping. He knew everyone in exalted Western circles worth knowing – which doesn't add up to such a long list as you may think – and seems to have liked everyone, except for the vicious anonymous Frenchman who did his worst to destroy him by idiotically depicting Maurois – Maurois! – as anti-British, anti-American and pro-Vichy.

These are gentle reminiscences; well-written of course (for instance, the description, brief but superb, of the national funeral of the Academician Claudel); almost over-ripe. Though he spent quite a lot of time in America and elsewhere abroad, Academician Maurois was firmly in the high if somewhat narrow French literary tradition that the Académie represents. "This is a session on the dictionary. When I left the Académie in 1939 to go into the army, we had reached the word *agresseur*. After seven years I find we are at the word *ardeur*."

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Freedom and Necessity
by Joan Robinson

(Pantheon; $4.95)

Economic development with a human sense of values; morality over technology. Keynes's chief disciple believes that the Chinese Communists are trying to establish the first, and that elsewhere the task of "the generation now in rebellion" is to reassert the second. This will not be easy; the purpose of Mrs. Robinson's new book is to illustrate just how difficult it is likely to be. Subtitled an introduction to the study of society, it is a highly condensed history of economic systems – and begins with dolphins and herrings, Indian elephants and lemurs, and Canadian Indians' potlatch and a Central African tribe's Puritan ethic. (The Canadian Indians threw their wealth, at least symbolically, into a bonfire; the Bushong by contrast love to accumulate wealth and are ready to work hard in order to acquire, and retain, possessions.) And so on to the more familiar terrain of landlordism, the feudal system, capitalist accumulation and expansion overseas, and the various Industrial Revolutions culminating, so far, in Bolshevik attempts at *socialist* accumulation and Mao Tse-tung's gnawing doubts about this and his attempts to subordinate economic development to a new (or very old?) sort of ethic. The tale necessarily acquires a cliffhanger quality since nobody, not even Mrs. Robinson, knows what comes next.

This is a fascinating exercise but hard to compress into a mere 124 pages. Her new little book like her earlier *Economic Philosophy* and *Economics: An Awkward Corner* (and, perhaps, like Mao's famous but highly ambiguous Sayings) requires concentrated thumbing. It's worth it, for these few pages are a distillation of much hard thought and very wide reading. But fellow economists and sociologists may smart over it, for she appears to side with Norbert Wiener who accused economists of dressing up imprecise ideas in calculus language, and she sees sociologists aping economists who are aping physicists.

COMING

A review by Jonathan Yardley of Ernest Hemingway's *Islands in the Stream.*

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Television

Well, Blow My Mind

"McLoud" (NBC, Wednesday evenings) is one of the "new" shows. It's not bad watching at all, and it will not be with us long enough to be tiresome (it is part of something called *Four in One;* each of the four parts is scheduled to run for six weeks), but its merits interest me less than its ingredients. In its first showing it put a gun-toting, broad-brimmed-hat-wearing Western sheriff in New York City playing around with a rich babe and solving a murder. In other words it has the elements of a Western, an urban comedy and an old-time mystery; it is the ultimate in convention-mixing. I liked "McLoud," but liked it the way I like peanuts. Watching it I was sleepily driven to the remarkable conclusion that maybe we *can* have too much of a good thing – like show after show every night with the same conventions.

The Elizabethans were good at exploiting, over and over again, good old things (but the Globe Theater never made it into the living room), and American money art (especially in Hollywood and on B'Way) has always depended upon them. Behind their constant presence is a philosophy of what constitutes newness, whereby the new (though it may be advertised to beat hell) is merely a gimmick attached to the good old. Oddly enough even the Detroit automakers believe in this philosophy, so perhaps it shouldn't be called a philosophy at all (do the auto people *think* when they project a "new" model?). Anyway, it is something thoroughly built into the American Way. The only people who don't believe it are the "serious" artists – i.e., the ones who don't make money. They keep imagining that the new should be new.

These "serious" artists are frequently as much in error as the most gimmicky conventionalists – heaven in the arts seems to exist somewhere in between them – but where heaven lies is of less consequence, in these earthy days, than the endless war between the serious and the conventional; the two are incapable of living together.

The war between them is not, finally, an art war at all; it is a socio-economic affair, and ideological too. When a young poet (I don't mean the commercial guitar kind) achieves novelty at the expense of sense and humanity, his achievement is only incidentally artistic; at least he will measure his achievement by how thoroughly he does *not* do what the big bad forces prescribed that he do – that is, he will measure himself as a rebel rather than an artist. And when on the other side the commercial writer achieves successful conformity with the forces, his victory may also be at the expense of sense and humanity. At least he will no more measure success by sense and humanity than the poet; he will measure his success by how many persons got what they *expected* from his work. If he reflects for an instant on the penury of their expectations he will turn to a pillar of salt.

Note that for the poet as well as the commercial writer the issues of sense and humanity are secondary. Neither has time to worry about life, experience, truth while playing his role.

Forget the poet. This is a TV column, and commercial TV is the most convention-ridden medium known to man (mix its vast powers with its vast conventionality and you have an unprecedented force for crud). Its conventions come in different shapes and sizes, but whatever they are they sit there in their majesty and run things. So: they drive the "serious" artists away, and many good talents are lost to the medium. So also: they demand that all crucial high-level decisions (like what kinds of shows we will have) be made in terms of audience expecta-

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tions and response. As a result crucial decisions *are not made by minds at all.*

I am fully persuaded that on TV we are faced with an ultimate mindlessness, as (again) in Detroit. Now: *how do you get the mind back into the act?* – only, I think, by somehow reducing the decision-making powers of the usual TV arbiters of success: audience response, advertising dollars, etc. If that sounds like economic suicide, so be it (I prefer it to mental suicide). So long as the "ratings" remain the medium's absolutes we will have the mindlessness; and while the mindlessness may produce some perfectly sound conventional stuff like "McLoud" it will also produce, eventually, a mindless people.

The alternative of course is public TV, but the alternative is only theoretical at the moment; public TV needs and lusts after the sure-fire sellers too.

Sedulus

Correspondence

Disfranchise the Old

Sirs:

As a California Democrat of some ten year's standing, I have some sympathy with Professor Douglas Stewart's advice ("Disfranchising the Old," *NR* Aug. 29), but need he be so slipshod with his facts?

Take one brief paragraph: "Of course, high taxes have little or nothing to do with the University": after welfare and highways, higher education is the state's largest expenditure by far, over $600 million this year. "The worst levies are city and county property taxes, which do not support the University": the last clause is of course true, but what does "worst" mean? As an associate professor and a homeowner, I paid a good deal more in sales and income taxes last year than in property taxes. On the other hand, 54 percent of property taxes in the state are still paid by business – and the main point of Reagan's proposed tax reforms was to shift taxes *away* from property. "The income tax is negligible": not any more it isn't, since Reagan raised taxes by almost $1 billion in his first term of office (there is still no withholding, however: perhaps Professor Douglas skipped out without paying it?) "And the biggest bite is the four percent sales tax": yes, indeed – and it has been five percent rather than four for some years. "And finally, the University budget of over $200 million . . ." the *state contribution* to the University budget (presumably what Prof. Douglas refers to) has been over $300 million for some time ($330 million this year). The "University budget," on the other hand, including income from the federal government, fees, endowments, and the like, is well over twice that figure.

Peter L. Thorslev, Jr.
Glendale, Calif.

Sirs:

"Disfranchise the Old" is the best proof I've seen in years that Hitler is not dead. Surely Mr. Stewart's next suggestion will be euthanasia for those over seventy, or at fifty-five for those who have the presumption to invade *his* California, that home of golden youth and university professors who never get their hands on enough of the taxpayer's money.

George H. Smith
Inglewood, Calif.

Sirs:

I am much in your debt for publishing the brilliant article by Douglas J. Stewart. Taking the vote away from old people is great. But, may I suggest an even better alternative? Let us build ovens and gas chambers and really do the job right. The people can be carted from all over the country, once they are old enough, and, before entering the gas chambers and ovens, have the best dentists pull out their gold teeth. A few soap factories might also be built in the vicinity and the best place for the ovens would be Orange County where more old reactionary Wasps reside. There is a danger here; there are quite a few liberal old people about, and we must be careful not to put Marcuse or anyone like him in the ovens. Other than that, the plan is beautiful and I hope Mr. Stewart will join me in this great improvement on American democracy. We can call it the Nazi Party, if he feels that is a good name.

I have other plans for cripples, the blind, and the Jews, if Mr. Stewart wishes to hear them. Meanwhile, onward and upward. Let's get that vote, first, and then, the *life* of the Voter!

Ray Bradbury
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

Professor Stewart's proposal to disfranchise the aged establishes a political principle of sweeping utility. To take the vote away from persons of incompetent judgment ("senile") of herd habits, who do not "contribute" to their community but "extract its advantages" would finally rid the body politic of many noxious parasites.

As a classicist, Professor Stewart must undoubtedly have drawn inspiration for his idea from the argument of Henry Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law, in his opposition to the Levellers' (1647) demand to enfranchise the propertyless. Said Ireton: "Those that choose the representers for the making of laws . . . are the persons who . . . comprehend the local interest of this kingdom; that is, the persons in whom all land lies, and those in corporations in whom all trading lies." To enfranchise the poor, reasoned Ireton, would be to empower the have-nots to prey on the haves – and the foreigner to exploit the native – in the manner of the aged aggressors in San Diego County.

Disenfranchisement, then, should not be limited to the aged. As a principle it should be applied to all the propertyless: those on welfare, on subsidized housing, on social security and medicare; we should also disfranchise all students of all ages until they "contribute" to society by earning their own keep; also farmers who live on subsidies. We should also disfranchise all kinds of investors, like money lenders, who, according to Aristotle, are the greatest *parasites* of all, because of all the modes "by which men gain from one another, the most hated part, and with the greatest reason, is usury, which makes a gain out of money inself." *(Politics)*

Clearly, the only people worthy of the vote are those who create in the sweat of their brow or brain; namely, Certified Members of the Working Class. A *Certified* member is, first, a dues paying member of a union, for, if he is too stupid to defend his own interest, he should certainly not be entrusted with the interests of the nation. Second, he must be "certified" by his union leader who could weed out

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those of his members who, failing to abide by the union philosophy, prove that they are prematurely senile or belatedly infantile. Since not all union leaders are totally objective, the power to override their judgment should be placed in the hands of a nonpartisan, unprejudiced libertarian populist.

Gus Tyler
New York City

Sirs:

Mr. Stewart doesn't seem to know very much about either the young or the old in the United States, his experience being confined, it appears, to the peculiar and traumatic demography of Orange County, California, and selected universities. He apparently missed, for example, the recent national poll reporting that more old persons than young regard themselves as dovish on the war. Would this reservoir of hard-hatism among the young lead him to oppose lowering the voting age?

Lawrence O. Houstoun, Jr.
Princeton, N.J.

Froines

Sirs:

Certain misstatements of fact and – more serious – unwarranted implications in Gilbert Johnson's "Too Dangerous to Teach" (Sept. 12, 1970) cannot go unchallenged. University of Oregon President Robert Clark's posture in the handling of the John Froines case has been one of impeccable integrity. Mr. Johnson did *New Republic* readers a disservice in quoting only part of one sentence, and that out of context, of Clark's lucid public statement on the Froines case.

The University's position vis-a-vis Mr. Froines has been, and remains, open-handed and clear-cut. To begin with, the charges on which he was tried involved events that took place some 2000 miles from this campus and at a time when Mr. Froines was not on duty. He was granted a leave of absence, without pay, to stand trial in Chicago. Upon being acquitted he was as much at liberty to return from leave as any faculty member under other circumstances would have been. In fact, in the granting of a leave there is a presumption of return to duty.

When, last spring and before he had informed his department head of his intentions, Mr. Froines gave several speeches in Oregon that fell on highly unsympathetic ears throughout the state, a clamor did indeed arise. President Clark then appointed a faculty committee to examine the contents of those speeches, as best it could, to determine if anything therein might be grounds for further inquiry or possible action. The committee found no basis and unanimously recommended that no charges be filed.

It was not, of course, all this simple and easy. The pressure on the University and on President Clark personally was intense for a time. Gilbert Johnson does not overstate the case here at all. A man of less fortitude than Clark, less courage of his convictions, might easily have yielded. It is most unfortunate that he should be made to appear as an artful practitioner of academic-political gamesmanship. The suggestion of a "trade-off" (fire Wainer and keep Froines) is entirely without foundation. The two cases were entirely different and were handled separately. It was a quirk of fate that brought both to a head at the same time. As for any implied threat to the University's building program, no state legislature these days needs a John Froines case to use as a club over any university's capital construction plans – certainly not Oregon's historically tight-fisted lawmakers.

Gilbert Johnson did not interview President Clark in connection with his article, nor to the best of my knowledge did he talk with any other University official. He might at least have done a more responsible job of reading and interpreting the public record.

Charles T. Duncan
Associate Dean of Faculties
University of Oregon

Last week, Mr. Froines resigned, voluntarily.

Family Court

Sirs:

As a practicing trial attorney, who has tried numerous matrimonial cases in both the Family Courts of this State as well as the Supreme Court, and who believes that man will never be liberated fully until woman is liberated, I find Verna Tomasson's article "Women as Property" (September 19) a cheap exercise in yellow journalism. There is enough evidence of the exploitation of women in our society without resorting

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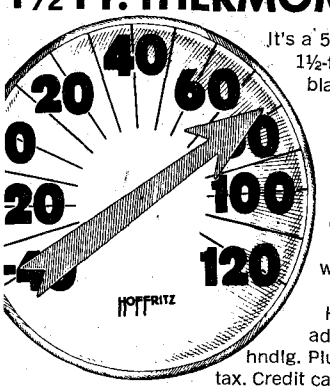

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to gross misstatements of fact and out and out calumnies which can never be justified in the name of women's liberation.

Questions of alimony and child support are not decided upon the whim of the Judge, but upon factors such as the weekly needs of the wife and children for food, clothing, shelter, medical, etc., the amount of money the husband earns and, to a lesser extent, his needs. One factor that can never be bargained away is the needs of the children.

A further misstatement is that "Adoptions" are still handled in the Surrogate's Courts. If this is the case then in 1967, one of my clients who went to the Family Court went to the wrong Court when she adopted a child. See Section 641 of the Family Court Act.

Miss Tomasson further illustrates her ignorance of the Family Court when she states that during a two year separation period before a divorce can be obtained, if the wife has sexual relations once with a man other than her husband, she can be declared unfit and her children taken away. This is simply so untrue and ridiculous, that it cannot be dignified as a misstatement.

The calumny which must be answered is the statement that nameless "lawyers will sell themselves to the highest bidder and go into collusion with the husband's attorney." (Shades of Spiro Agnew.) How does the bidding go? Is it like an auction sale where the attorney offers his soul to the person who has the most bread? If the lawyers are so ready to commit criminal acts, then Miss Tomasson has a duty to immediately forward the basis of her information to the District Attorney of the appropriate County.

Anthony J. Pirotti
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Electoral Reform

Sirs:

In the May 10, 1969 issue, Alexander Bickel wrote that the present electoral system is malapportioned in favor of the big industrial states, and on February 27, 1969 he testified before the House Judiciary Committee that a system of popular election would diminish the large states' present greater influence. July 4, however, in stating that his argument concerns not the influence of large states but the influence of racial or ethnic minorities in those states, Mr. Bickel is at worst changing his argument and at best clarifying what was previously obscure.

Directly examining the argument though: (1) As demonstrated by George Wallace's recent successful gubernatorial campaign, the phenomenon of minority bloc voting can be used to unite the majority and defeat liberalizing influences. In other words, in this day of mass communications a candidate attempting to swing a state through special appeals to racial or ethnic minorities may well lose the majority. The idea of such urban-oriented groups determining a winner is thus an abstraction; millions of other voters must also be persuaded. (2) On the basis of our knowledge of public opinion in the areas of foreign policy, government spending, and civil liberties, the interests of minorities would be better served by the attitudes of New York and California residents than by the attitudes of Montana, Idaho, and Alabama residents. (3) All candidates running under a democratic system, in being forced to pay more attention to areas of concentrated population than is the case under the undemocratic Electoral College, would be forced to change their appeals and make them more compatible with urban interests.

Whether states are looked at as a whole or minority groups are examined specifically, adoption of a system of popular election would strengthen the desirable balance of an urban-oriented Presidency against a rural-oriented Congress.

Jeffrey W. Wides
Edwardsville, Illinois

Kauffmann, *from page 20*

about to enter the imprisoning humdrum world. *The Yearling, The Red Pony, My Friend Flicka* and all you other odes to the kinship of child and animal spirits, meet *Kes.*

In fact, the film would be better if it held more to patterns of past animal films and gave us more of the bird and the boy. The bulk of the picture is padded with trite classroom episodes, a school football game featuring a martinet coach, scenes in the headmaster's office – a proletarian view of Lindsay Anderson's *If . . .*, though not nearly as well done.

The boy is played by a Barnsley youngster named David Bradley, scrawny and completely credible. The script was written by a Barnsley man named Barry Hines and was directed by Ken Loach, who made such an imitative botch of *Poor Cow* a few years ago and now makes a less flashy but unimproved botch of this film. The best element is not the bird-symbolism but the earthy Yorkshire quality – the conviction that has been put into the depiction of Barnsley, including the sometimes impenetrable Yorkshire accent. The film's bona fides, so far as they exist, lie in that authenticity. The most moving moment for me had nothing to do with boy or bird, it was the scene when the bullying, hateful older brother gets in the mine elevator to go down to the pit where he will spend the day. This scene made it easy to understand why, when his kid brother disobeyed him and cheated him of some money, he took his revenge by killing the creature that soared in the sky.

Correction: In last week's review of *Five Easy Pieces*, Bobby should have been "spiritually disenfranchised," not "enfranchised."

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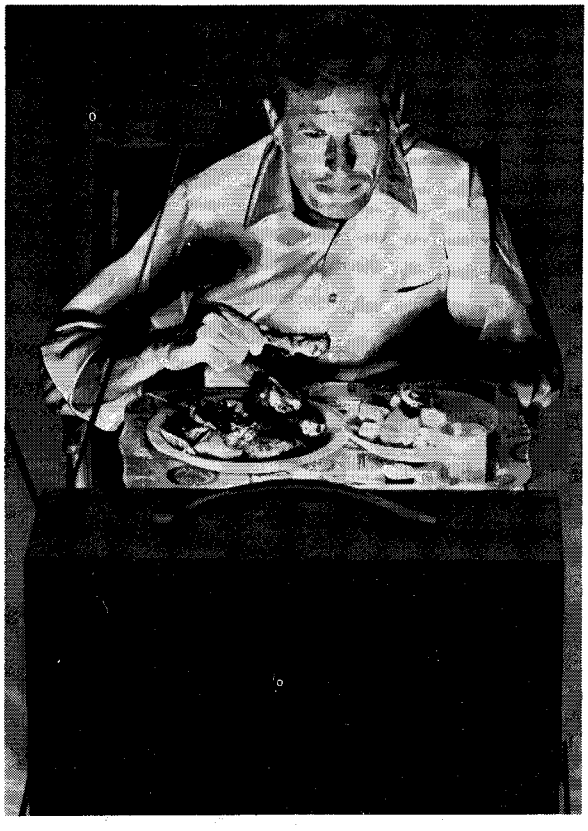

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Tales of Washington Irving. Animated versions of *Legend of Sleepy Hollow, Rip Van Winkle.* Sunday, Nov. 1 (5-6 pm).

Election Coverage. Countrywide reports of 1970 voting. Tuesday, Nov. 3. Consult local listings for time.

Kifaru—the Black Rhinoceros. Study of endangered African rhino. Thursday, Nov. 12 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Klowns. Backstage tour of Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey Circus. Sammy Davis, Jr., host. Sunday, Nov. 15 (8-9 pm).

Hamlet. Richard Chamberlain, Sir Michael Redgrave, Margaret Leighton, Richard Johnson, Sir John Gielgud in a new production of the Shakespearean play. Tuesday, Nov. 17 (9-11 pm).

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A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. Animated version of Twain satire. Thursday, Nov. 26 (12 noon-1:30 pm).

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To All the World's Children. Film essay on children of today's world (continued on *Discovery*). Friday, Nov. 27 (7:30-8:30 pm).

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